THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES AND LIFE IN NEW-YORK

DEVOTED TO THE SPORTS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE, THE ANGLER, THE HUNTER—NEWS, LITERATURE, FASHION, TASTE, THE DRAMA, AND THE SCENES OF REAL LIFE.

BY JAMES D. ARMSTRONG,
35 WALL-ST., ADJOINING THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE.

SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 24, 1832.

FIRST VOLUME, NUMBER 50.
THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

NEW-YORK:
SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 24 1832.

EARTH'S GREAT ONES HAVE FALLEN.

Revolving in our mind what most characterizes the times, we are struck with the fact that we can enumerate so many distinguished individuals who within a few months have fallen to rest. In the death of the young Napoleon thousands who had hung their hopes on his becoming the inheritor of his Father's talents and his glory, have been disappointed. His very name was a rallying point to all those restless spirits in Europe, who, becoming alienated from their governments, were ready to link their fortunes with this "scion of a noble stock," and strike for power and for glory. His premature death may have changed the fate of empires and affected the happiness of millions. He has left no successor to that inheritance to which his birth entitled him. We speak not of his wealth—but that more extended and irresistible power which a train of propitious circumstances has endowed him. The hopes of his family must now sink into annihilation, and the name of Napoleon stand alone in the scroll of fame.

The delight of the civilized world, Sir Walter Scott, has paid the last debt of nature. More than any other individual, during a period of thirty years, he has contributed to the happiness of his species. His career, says the author of Pelham, was one splendid refutation of the popular fallacy that genius has of necessity vices. He has taught us how much one human being can confer on the world, and he has taught us also that the imagination may aspire to the wildest flights without wandering into error. Of whom else among the great list of English authors, can we say, that he has left us every thing to admire and nothing to forgive. But we can be charmed no more—the eloquent tongue is mute—the master's wand is broken up,—the right hand hath forgotten its cunning—the chord that is loosened was indeed of silver—and the bowl that is broken at the dark well, was of gold beyond all price.

In our own land we have just been called to mourn the death of Carroll, on whom were concentrated the reverence and gratitude of millions of happy and enlightened beings. He was the last link between this age and the past.—None now remain of those immortal few whose names are attached to the Declaration of Independence. The last column has fallen!

To these may be added the names of Cuvier, Mackintosh, Bentham, Goethe and Spurzheim.—Truly, Death has been busy among the great men of the earth. The mighty landmarks of the last age, one after one, have been removed, and each leaves a chasm which eternity cannot fill.

Sir Walter Scott, who has succeeded to the title of his father, though he bids fair to lose the estate, entered the army in 1824 as a lieutenant of Hussars, and has risen to the rank of Major in the 15th. He obtained his knowledge of his profession at Sandhurst, where he distinguished himself by his good conduct, and his success in acquiring the art of military perspective. At one time his regiment, the 18th, was disbanded, and he went on half-pay. He married a lady of great fortune, a Miss Jobson, who had the generosity to offer the whole of it to the author of Waverley, when he became involved in the misfortunes of his publishers. This is a trait worthy of record—it exalts the character not only of the lady, but of the sex to which she belongs. It was the result of her own feelings of respect and affection, and does her eternal honour. The present Baronet is esteemed a good officer and an excellent man. His personal appearance does not in the least resemble that of his father. The family now consists of Mrs. Lockhart, an unmarried daughter, a brother in some diplomatic station, and the Major. The estate of Abbotsford is entailed on him, but with an understanding that it would be disturbed by the creditors of the father in case the balance of his debts remained unpaid at his death.

CURIOUS OPTICAL ILLUSION.—Sir David Brewster mentions a very curious optical illusion which occurred to himself, while engaged in writing the Treatise on Optics. He was seated at a table, with two candles before him, when, upon directing his eyes to them, he was much surprised to observe, apparently among his hair, and nearly straight above his head, but far without the range of vision, (unless he could be supposed to see through the top of his head,) a distinct image of one of the candles. The image was as perfect as if it had been formed by reflection from a piece of mirror glass; but where the reflecting substance was, he could not at first discover. He examined his eyebrows and eyelashes, but in vain. At length his lady tried her skill; and after a minute search, she perceived between two eyelashes a very minute speck, which, on being removed, turned out to be a chip of red wax, highly polished, which was the real mirror on the occasion, and which had probably started into his eye when breaking the seal of a letter a short time before he observed the phenomenon. An unphilosophical person might have gone mad, or have sent for his physician in an agony of terror, under such circumstances.

SINGULAR EFFECT OF IMAGINATION.—One of the most singular cases of the effect of the imagination upon weak and credulous minds, stated in Darwin's Zoonomia, is that of a gentleman in England, who, walking over his grounds, found a poor old woman upon his premises, gathering sticks. He ordered her to lay them down, and go off his lands. She obeyed the command; but after she had laid down the faggots, she cast her eyes upon him, and lifting her nerveless arm to Heaven, exclaimed in a plaintive tone, "*Master thou never know the blessing to be warm!*" The man was struck with her suppliant imprecation; he returned to the house, retired to his chamber, complained of cold, and notwithstanding the application of woollens, and heat from fires, he continued to labor under this disease of the imagination for a few weeks, when he died! His offence was comparatively small; he performed a lawful act, and that in a comparatively lenient manner; but her imprecation upon him was too powerful for his nerves to sustain.

The journeymen printers in New-Orleans have left that city in consequence of the sickness now visiting that place, and some of the daily papers are published only twice or thrice a week in consequence.

BON MOT OF SHERIDAN.—When the fire broke out in Drury Lane Theatre, in 1808, by which it was destroyed, Sheridan (at that time lessee) proceeded from the House of Commons to the blazing edifice, from whence, however, he soon retired to the Piazza Coffee House where he is said to have displayed great fortitude and composure in his remarks upon the event. A friend having observed, that he bore his misfortune with all the calmness of a philosopher, Sheridan, who was taking some refreshment, replied—"A man may surely drink a glass of wine by his own fireside."

BYRON.

"I often think," said Byron, "that I inherit my violence and bad temper from my poor mother—not that my father, from all I could ever learn had a much better; so that it is no wonder I have such a very bad one. As long as I can remember anything, I can recollect being subject to violent paroxysms of rage, so disproportioned to the cause as to surprise me when they were over, and this still continues. I cannot coolly view any thing which excites my feelings; and once the lurking devil within me is roused, I lose all command of myself. I do not recover a good fit of rage for days after; mind, I do not by this mean that the ill humor continues, as, on the contrary, that quickly subsides, exhausted by its own violence; but it shakes me terribly, and leaves me low and nervous after. Depend on it, people's temper must be corrected while they are children; for not all the good resolutions in the world can enable a man to conquer habits of ill humor or rage, however he may regret having giving way to them. My poor mother was generally in a rage every day, and used to render me almost frantic; particularly when, in her passions, she reproached me with my personal deformity. I have left her presence to rush into solitude, where unseen, I could vent the rage and mortification I endured, and curse the deformity that I now began to consider as a signal mark of the injustice of Providence. These were bitter moments; even now, the impression of them is vivid in my mind; and they cankered a heart that I believe was naturally affectionate, and destroyed a temper always disposed to be violent. It was my feelings at this period that suggested the idea of "The Deformed Transformed." I often look back on the days of my childhood, and am astonished at the recollections of the intensity of my feelings at that period;—first impressions are indelible. My poor mother, and after her my school-fellows, by their taunts, led me to consider my lameness as the greatest misfortune, and I have never been able to conquer this feeling. It requires great natural goodness of disposition, as well as reflection, to conquer the corroding bitterness that deformity engenders in the mind, and which, while preying on itself, sours one towards all the world. I have read, that where personal deformity exists, it may always be traced in the face, however handsome the face may be. I am sure that what is meant in this is, that the consciousness of it gives to the countenance an habitual expression of discontent, which I believe is the case; for it would be too bad, (added Byron with bitterness) that because one had a defective foot, one could not have a perfect face.—*Journal of Conversations with Lord Byron, by the Countess of Blessington.*

AN IRISHMAN'S MORNING WALK.—An Irish Gentleman, who had been in the habit of walking out regularly before breakfast every morning, was asked by a friend, why he did not take his *morning* walk as usual, to which he wisely answered, "Fait, *I take it now in an afternoon.*"

THE BARONESS DE FEUCHERES. This lady, whose name is well known as connected with the will of the late Prince de Conde, has been lately living in comparative seclusion, but she is about to return to Paris, where she will resume her usual style of living, which is more than regal. A correspondent, who a few months ago saw this lady at high mass in the chapel of the King of the French, says that her appearance contrasted strongly with that of the Queen and Princesses.—They entered the chapel without the least display of grandeur. The Baroness, however, walked up the centre, attended by a Chamberlain, two ladies of honor, and a page to act as train-bearer. And this is Sophia Dawes, the daughter of a fruiterer.

HALF A LODGING.—A queer looking down-Easter called recently at a hotel in Boston, and inquired the price of a night's lodging—upon being informed that the regular mulct was a quarter of a dollar, he demurred strongly, and made a vigorous effort to obtain the desired refreshment at half price. Not succeeding however in this, the customer drew from his pocket with a magnanimous air of determination, his last pistareen, and an old watch of the true Rhode Island pinchbeck, both of which he placed in the hands of the bar-keeper. "There," said he, "just you hold on to that 'are; I reckon its ten o'clock now, and if you'd a gin me a whull lodgin, I rather guess I should have cut stick about sunrise; so you may call me at two, that'll be about a fair half; and bring me up a small horn when you come for the balance.

THRILLING SCENE.—"I once (says Dr. Currie, of Liverpool) in my early days, heard, for it was night, and I could not see, a traveller drowning, not in the Annan, but in the frith of Solway, close by the mouth of that river. The influx of the tide had unhorsed him in the night, as he was passing the sands from Cumberland. The west wind blew a tempest, and according to the common expression, brought in the water 3 foot abreast. The traveller got upon a standing not a little way from shore. There he lashed himself to the post, shouting for half an hour for assistance, till the tide rose over his head.

In the darkness of the night, and amid the pauses of the hurricane, his voice heard at intervals, was exquisitely mournful. No one could go to his assistance; no one knew where he was; the sound seemed to proceed from the spirit of the waters. But morning rose; the tide had ebbed; and the poor traveller was found lashed to the pole of a net, and bleaching in the winds."

HOW LONG SIX THOUSAND POUNDS WILL LAST IN PARIS.—Last year, the son of a very great man went over to Paris with a considerable sum in his pocket. The first thing he did was gravely to ask his banker, an excellent and sensible man, "How long £6000 would last him in Paris?" The reply was a true and correct one, "If you play, three days; if you don't, six weeks."

TRUE MORAL COURAGE.—The Hon. Mr. Fletcher had a very wild and profligate nephew in the army, a man who had been dismissed from the Sardinian service for very bad conduct. He had engaged in three duels, and had spent all his money in a course of vice and folly. This wicked youth waited one day on his eldest uncle, General De Gons, and presenting a loaded pistol, threatened to shoot him unless he would that moment advance him five hundred crowns. The General, though a brave man, knew what a desperate fellow he had to deal with, and gave a draft for the money, at the same time speaking freely to him on his conduct. The young man rode off in high spirits with his ill gotten money. In the evening passing the door of his younger uncle, Mr. Fletcher, he called on him, and began with informing him what General De Gons had done; and as a proof, showed the draft under De Gons' own hand. Mr. Fletcher took the draft from his nephew and looked at him with surprise.—Then, after some remarks, putting it into his pocket, said, 'It strikes me, young man, that you have possessed yourself of this note by some wrong method; and in conscience, I cannot return it but with my brother's approbation.' The nephew's pistol was in a moment at his breast, 'My life,' replied Mr. Fletcher, with perfect calmness, 'is secure in the protection of an Almighty Power; nor will he suffer it to be the forfeit of my integrity and your rashness.' This firmness drew forth the observation, that his uncle De Gons, though an old soldier, was more afraid of death than his brother. 'Afraid of death!' rejoined Mr. Fletcher, 'do you think that I have been twenty-five years a minister of the Lord of life, to be afraid of death now? No, sir, it is for you to be afraid of death now? You are a gamester and a cheat; yet call yourself a gentleman! You are the seducer of female innocence; and still say you are a gentleman! You are a duelist; and for this you style yourself a man of honor! Look there, sir,' pointing to the Heavens, 'the broad eye of Heaven is fixed upon us.—Tremble in the presence of your Maker, who can in a moment kill your body, and forever punish your soul in hell.'

The unhappy young prodigal turned pale, and trembled with fear and rage. He still threatened his uncle with instant death.—Fletcher though thus threatened, gave no alarm, sought for no weapon, and attempted not to escape. He calmly conversed with his profligate relation; and at length perceiving him to be affected, addressed him in the kindest language, till he had fairly disarmed and subdued him! He would not return his brother's draft: but engaged to procure for the young man some immediate relief. He then prayed with him; and after fulfilling his promise of assistance, parted with him, with much good advice on one side, and many fair promises on the other.

BLOODY PERFIDY OF A SISTER.

As Fernando had only a daughter—the princess Beatrix, by Leonora, and as no hopes of future issue appears to have been entertained, the Infante Joam, brother of the King—not the bastard of that name—who was the Grand Master of Avis, but the eldest surviving son of Pedro and Ines de Castro—was regarded as the presumptive heir to the crown. To set him aside from the succession was now the object of the Queen. Unfortunately the imprudence of the Prince presented her with the means. Struck with the personal charms of Donna Maria, Sister of the Queen, he privately married her. This step was not hidden from Leonora, who so far from betraying her knowledge of it, and to lull her intended victim into profound security, proposed to the Infante, the hand of her own child, and with it the throne of Portugal. As she expected, her offer was declined; but she was resolved to move heaven and earth rather than see her sister and brother-in-law in possession of supreme power. The former she appears to have hated; the destruction was certainly planned with demoniacal coolness. Sending one day for the Infante, she assumed the appearance of intense affliction; assured him that she knew of his marriage with her sister; but that regard for him and his honor, as well as for the honor of the royal family, would not permit him to conceal that sister's depravity. "You are betrayed, Prince!" was the substance of her address. "Maria loves another, to whom she grants her favors!" Unfortunately, Joam, who was unacquainted with her real character, and who could not suppose her capable of destroying her sister, implicitly believed her, and in the madness of his rage, hastened to Coimbra, where the Princess then abode. She met him with her usual smiles; and on being repulsed, falteringly demanded the cause. "Because," replied the infuriated husband, "you have divulged our marriage, and sacrificed my honor!" "Bid your attendants retire, and I will satisfy you." "I come not to hear your excuses," he furiously returned, "but to punish your guilt," and at the same time his dagger found a way to her heart.

She fell into the arms of her weeping attendants, while he mounted his horse and fled. The detestable cause of all this wickedness affected inconsolable grief, and threw herself at the royal feet, and cried for vengeance on the murderer. But whether she found the king averse to justice, or whether she found the indignation of the Infante, on becoming acquainted with the innocence of Maria, she suddenly changed her proceedings, and obtained permission for him to return to court. But there every one shunned him—no one more eagerly than Leonora; so that seeing his hopes of Beatrix at an end, he retired into the province of Entre Doure Minho, where he was soon acquainted with the bloody perfidy of the queen. Having reason to distrust his safety, he fled into Castile, his heart torn by remorse for the fate of one he had passionately loved, and whose bleeding image was incessantly before him.

BEAR SKIN HAMMERCLOTHS.—About 25 years ago the Company had a great number of bear skins lying in their stores, for which there was no demand. One of the directors, a gentleman well known for the fertility of his expedients as an Indian trader, hit upon a plan for getting off the stock, which succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations. He selected a few of the finest and largest skins in the store, which he had made into a hammercloth, splendidly ornamented in silver with the royal arms. A deputation of the directors then waited upon a Royal Duke with the hammercloth, and respectfully requested that he would be graciously pleased to accept it as a slight testimony of their respect. His Royal Highness returned a polite answer, and condescendingly consented to receive the present. A few days after the king held a levee, and his illustrious son proceeded to court in his state-coach with its splendid hammercloth. It attracted universal attention; and to every inquiry as to where the skins were obtained, the answer was, "from the North West Company."—In three weeks afterwards there was not a black, or even a brown bearskin in the Company's warehouse; and the unfortunate peer who could not sport a hammercloth of bear, was voted a bore by his more lucky brethren.

MUSTACHIOS. The Secretary of the War Department at Madrid, transmitted, a few weeks ago, a circular to the several Captains General throughout Spain, calling upon them to enforce the following piece of curiosity respecting the embellishment of the upper lip. The first and second clauses of the circular prohibit the wearing of mustachios by any persons, save the military on service; and with respect even to these, they are liable to lose their commissions if they appear abroad in plain dress, wearing a mustachio. Every civilian, who shall presume to wear the same, and if he be of noble blood, is to be endungeoned in a fortress for six months, or to pay a fine of fifty pounds; but if the luckless offender be a plebian, he is to expiate his crime by six months' hard labour in the house of correction, besides dragging a chain at his heels.

MARRIED FOR MONEY.

Miss Griselda Thistlethroat was a respectable lady of unblemished reputation, whose unwilling celibacy had diffused an unhappy acidity over a countenance which would otherwise have been, if not excessively lovely, strikingly interesting and genteel. The lips were pursed up; the nose was puckered in; the teeth had grown out from the gums to an ogreish length; but still there was a certain twinkle in the lady's pale grey eye that betokened a breast of softer mould than her ossified appearance might seem to warrant. This twinkle was carefully observed and shrewdly speculated upon by a lusty, laughing, rosy-cheeked gentleman, who, having served his country in the Peninsular war, had been left by the peace with a Waterloo medal, the title of captain, a wound over the left nostril, and a pension of somewhat about £130 per annum. Now Miss Griselda Thistlethroat was in earlier life but moderately provided for; but having been housekeeper to a gouty uncle and companion to an asthmatic aunt, she had managed so to wrap up the legs of the one and to lollypop the throat of the other as to wheedle a pretty little trifle out of each, which having been left at compound interest in the Consolidated Funds, had been so compounded and consolidated as to produce a capital amounting to nearly 40,000 pounds, and some houses in the neighborhood of Clapham. "The value one sets upon a thing is very much regulated (says Dr. Johnson) on the pains bestowed upon its production or acquisition;" and the various sittings up late and gettings up early, the sympathizing groan at a twinge or the melancholy sigh at a cough, with which her little competency had been acquired, added in no slight degree to Miss Griselda's estimation of the aforesaid £40,000, of which she thought it impossible, therefore, to speak or feel too much.

"How are funds to-day, Captain?" would she say on entering Mr. Hewett's circulating library at Leamington, "and how are the Portuguese Bonds? And now, pray Captain, you who have been in the peninsula, and of course know all about these things, pray do you think Spanish Scrip cheap enough at 15?" To all of these queries the Captain would reply with a placid smile and a profound air, and at each answer Miss Griselda Thistlethroat thought him a very sensible and comely man; and then, the Captain's uncle was an attorney, so that law, if he were her uncle also, might be had for nothing—no trifling consideration considering her present dispute with John Stanston Esq. relative to her right to the three willow-trees, and with Tim Thompson for the repairs of a pigsty, and with Anne Scrubemout for the recovery of two shifts and a pair of worsted stockings, which deponent fully declared and made oath had been sent to the said Anne Scrubemout's laundry, and never returned therefrom. All these considerations, and the Captain's plump and rosy cheeks, strongly disposed Miss Griselda towards returning the gentle squeeze with which he matinely and afternoonly handed her into the pale green fly which she had hired for the season. Captain Makepiece himself had sought the waters partly in the hope of getting rid of his rheumatism, and partly in getting hold of a wife—a wife who would garnish his purse as well as smooth his pillow; for though he was fully sensible to what a single man who wore dickies, and used brown soap, and knew the best ordinaries, and had no female expenses, might do with £130 per annum, still stout people are generally luxuriously minded people, and the Capt. was fond of old Port wine, cast a longing eye on a stout bay cob and a splendid red-wheeled gig the properties of a dashing brewer at the Spa, and would have been glad moreover, to give an extra half-crown or five shillings to his washerwoman now and then, who was a buxom lady with round arms, and a neck and bust that might have done honor to a Venus of the Western Isles. Miss Griselda Thistlethroat was no beauty.—let the fact be acknowledged! but she was of a thin, and therefore, genteel figure; her voice was loud and shrill to be sure, but then that loudness and shrillness gave a commanding tone to her conversation, such as completely overpowered all her library-room rivals, with the exception of one, who, though now a land agent's wife, had in early youth been remarkable for her vocular powers in crying "fish." Miss Griselda's temper, it was reported, was neither completely calm nor perpetually sweet but as a set-off to any little disagreeability of this kind in the lady herself, was to be considered the escape, which might fairly be reckoned upon, from a nursery full of squalling brats, to which there was little probability of the gentle Thistlethroat's giving birth. In short, when the match was talked of, the gentleman most concerned hailed it as a d——d good thing, and the lady professed no objections; inasmuch that, in spite of the various efforts of Miss T.'s and Capt. M.'s friends, who, to do them justice, labored all they could to produce a misunderstanding between the parties, the question was put, the consent given, and nothing remained but the lawyer's settlements and the parson's benediction. To the first there was some demur, though the lady was assuredly smitten by the Captain's manly conformations and the euphonius appellation of Mrs. ——; still neither the one or the other was dearer to her than the £10,000 Consolidated, and the sundry cottages at Clapham. The Captain, on the other hand, dear as Miss Griselda's sylphid figure and silver trumpeted voice might be to him, and fair the expectancy of quiet domestic bliss with so prudent and well-managing a partner, was not quite content with the idea of placing his corporal advantages in Miss Griselda's hands unless she placed some of her pecuniary ones in his. The lady sobbed and said that all the Captain wanted was—her money. The Capt. grumbled, and feared that Miss Griselda doubted—his honour. "The cruel, perfidious man! did he not think it would be the happiness of her life to contribute to his comfort." "The cold-hearted, distrustful woman! did she think that a gentleman and a soldier was to be kept in a state of connubial dependence?"

Great hopes were entertained by Colonel Stubbs and Mrs. Sobersides that the foolish match should go off, so must the Captain—for the last three months he had drank wine instead of malt liquor, which his doctor had formerly recommended him: hair and his whiskers had been curled every morning by the very first professional artist in Leamington; four new shirts, with fine cambric fronts; and a new green coat with brass buttons, on which was embossed (it gave a landed property air) the head of a fox; and a light sky-blue coat (very becoming with white pantaloons;) and two pair of boots and one pair of pumps, besides his reading-room subscription, all, we say, and each of these—remained to be paid for. Now, people in the world are so worldly, that so long as Miss Thistlethroat was seen on Capt. Makepiece's arm, for the Captain to talk of paying anything was absurd—quite out of the question. "Oh, sir, let it stand, for another time; there is no hurry, sir, no hurry, sir, I assure you." But now, no sooner had the first whisper of a misunderstanding been circulated, than all the persons the Capt. had ever been trusted by, seemed of a sudden smitten by some strange calamity, a partnership was broken up—a little account was unexpectedly obliged to be settled—all the bottles of jasmine perfume and Russia oil, all the pairs of kid gloves and the pots of cold cream, and tweezers and scrapers and cutters, which some little compliment on the smell of his pocket handkerchief, the gloss on his whiskers, the whiteness of his hands, the clear redness of his cheeks, and the nicety of his nails, had induced him to admit to his toilette table, now rose up in—what his creditors threatened to procure—JUDGMENT AGAINST HIM. Nor was this all; Leamington might be flown from, where was the place to fly to?—London, that Paradise for half-pay captains, was banned and barred, for a bill was yet unsettled at the Adelphi—Cheltenham contained a dun in a due list—and all the persons whose debts at play remained unsettled for, monopolized Calais and Boulogne. The half-year's pay, on which at other times he might have retired to Wales or the Palais Royal, had been paid, for sundry rubbers lost at whist, two weeks before, to an Irish counsellor, who had seen the hopes of too many suitors defeated to feel sure of the fulfilment of Captain Makepiece's. In short, the proposition once admitted, that a man must live—and the Capt. never doubted or disputed it—the natural SEQUITUR was, that he could only live by making Miss Griselda, even on her own terms, Mrs Capt. Makepiece. He vowed then it was not the filthy lucre that he had required—no, no; he had been shocked by what he feared was a want of his dear Griselda's affection; and when she gave him her hand to kiss, of that affection he protested himself so assured that he would not—if she implored and entreated him—he would not accept the settlement of a sixpence. This Miss Thistlethroat fully believed, and did not therefore uselessly press him on the subject. On the next Sunday the marriage took place, and in the evening the happy pair strolled through the ruins of Kenilworth—the Capt. calling Miss Griselda "his Elizabeth," and she fondly telling him that he only wanted a tuft on the chin to be the very image of Leicester.

We throw a veil over the mysteries of the honeymoon. The only observation made on which by Mrs. Makepiece herself was, that, after all, she found nothing so extraordinary in marriage as she had expected. During the honeymoon, however, the Capt.'s debts were paid, Mrs. Makepiece resting satisfied with the assurance, that nothing but love could have made him so extravagant; so far then, he was a richer man. He was promoted, moreover, to a life of greater quality. A large house, from which the estate had been sold off, was to be purchased a great bargain, in the least salubrious part of Essex—ten acres were attached to it, which wanted draining, certainly, but which, when drained and planted would be quite a different thing from what they were. Mrs. Makepiece's man of business, who had a debt upon the estate, not to be paid off until a purchaser was found, strongly recommended "the half" to her as a valuable investment. Coaches went by it every day; 'Now, Capt. Makepiece, a place on the outside is not more than five shillings and sixpence, and sixpence to the coachman—six shillings there, and six shillings back: here are twelve shillings, and I do beg you will go this very evening—such things are not to be met with every day; and when one marries a beggar, one really must not lose the opportunity of a bargain." Capt. Makepiece, who had now been married three months, and who being of an indolent, lazy disposition, shuddered at the effort of a quarrel, had for the last fortnight been affected with a marvellous deafness, and now humming the tune of "Nancy Dawson," and saying, "Yes, my dear, we'll have the roast duck for dinner, if you please, and a bottle of your uncle's old port: capital wine that, my love," proceeded very leisurely towards the door, from which (having no inclination to sit for four hours in a dusty dog-day on the top of a coach, to be broiled and peppered like a mutton-chop) he astutely meditated escape. "Duck and port wine," said the lady—"I would like to know, Captain Makepiece, whether you would have been talking of duck and port wine, if you had not made me a miserable woman? Nothing but eating—eating, drinking, guzzling the whole of my property away, that's all you think of; and then, if one wants you be creatures to do any thing you are good for, there are as many difficulties and disputes in the way—and I do so hate disputes—I'm not used to them, Capt. Makepiece! this comes of marrying a beggar; but you shan't break my heart, you wicked wretch; no, that you shan't;" and the whole of Miss Griselda's delicate form was convulsed with hysterical weeping. "Well, well," said the captain, putting his thumbs to his ears, and forgetful of his deafness "well, well, my love, don't jaw so—I will go to this confounded place if you wish it; but on the outside of the coach such a day as this, I'll be d——d if I go."—"On the outside of the coach, and when did you see the inside of a coach, I should like to know, before you married me, Captain Makepiece. This comes of marrying a beggar—always willing to spend other people's money. I suppose you want a coach and six to carry that heavy, lumbering body along—Mr. Weazle would never have used me so—that he wouldn't." At length the matter was compromised—"The inside going, my dear," in a soft, sweet lisp, said Mrs. Makepiece, arranging her cap and her kerchief, "but the outside, remember, coming back."

The captain returned, as well, indeed, he might, with a gloomy account of the intended purchase. "Ah! that's always how it is, Capt. Makepiece, if I set my heart upon any thing But I'll go myself—that I will."—And after wading, ancle-deep, through the lawn, tearing a white dimity gown to pieces in scrambling through the garden, and carrying off a whole colony of spiders and earwigs on her bonnet from the best bedroom, Mrs. Makepiece declared "the hall" a charming, romantic place; and on finding the figure of a crane (supposed crest of the Thistlethroat's) carved on one of the chimney-pieces, pronounced it "very extraordinary" and determined forthwith on the purchase. "To have such a place and not to live there, was as much out of the question" said Mrs. Makepiece, "on the ground of economy as of comfort." The scrubbing, cleaning, and cobweb brushing of the interior mansion would be a little amusement to herself, and the superintending the workmen out of doors would be a useful occupation to the captain, and give him a taste for rural pursuits. "But my dear the place is a perfect swamp—a marsh; and you know that ever since my expedition to Walcheren, that cursed rheumatism"—"Pho! fiddle stick about the rheumatism. But I know what you'd be at, Capt. Makepiece; you have got some trolloping slut you wish to see at one of those filthy watering places, you have, you know you have. Well, go there—I don't hinder you—go there, sir! but you shan't go with my money, you nasty, dirty, extravagant man! This comes of marrying a beggar."

It was about a year after this—last winter, in short—that wandering through that part of the world, I thought of paying Makepiece, an old fellow-officer of mine, a congratulatory visit, having heard of nothing among our common acquaintance for the last twelve months, but his uncommon good fortune. I wrote a letter to him then from an adjoining inn; and as we had been great chums in our day, said that I would look in upon him about his dinner hour. Accordingly, a boy was sent on with a small bundle of clothes, to dress for the evening, and I sallied forth, on a snipe expedition, for which I had visited that part of the country. About 5 o'clock, completely wet through, excessively hungry, and not triflingly fatigued, I wended my way through some lone, dark grass, the road to the house being only half completed, to my friend's mansion. My ring at the bell, I soon perceived, was the cause of no slight discomfiture. I heard the hurrying tramp of steps—the raised tone of voices; while the glimmering of lights passing from one window to the other, gave me a cheering prospect of the bustle that was being made for my reception. "How kind, how friendly," I murmured; "and how sorry I am to give all this trouble." At last two men, one out of livery, who looked like a gardener, and the other in livery, who bore a strong resemblance, in his finery, to a chimney-sweep on May-day, came to the half-opened door. "Is Captain Makepiece come in yet? has he received my note, and is my bundle come?" To these three interrogatories which I made, carelessly entering, the two domestics, gaping and staring, answered, "Yes, no, yes, no," in quick succession, to which I paid but little attention; and giving my gun to the footman, with the charge to remember it was loaded, I asked the man who was not a footman to show me to my apartment. "You can't come in here, sir!" said the fellow, staring; "Mistress says she can't receive none of you." "But the gentleman is to come in, though," said my liveried friend; "master told me he was." "Aye," said I, "there's some mistake—I am the gentleman your master said he expected, and not the gentleman," turning to the other, "whom your mistress said she would not receive;" and taking a hand candlestick off the hall table, "come," said I, "quick! show me my room, for I shall be ashamed to appear before Mrs. Makepiece in this fashion."

Still there was staring and irresolution—I got out of patience. "Go you," said I to the man who had spoken about his master, "and tell Captain Makepiece that I, Major Elyot, have come; and give you," said I to the other, "my compliments to your mistress, and say I would come myself, even as I am, to pay my devoirs to her, but that I have heard too much of her taste and fashion, not to wish to make myself first a little more decent." "Doors!" said the chap; "there are no doors to pay for, that I'm certain, for my mistress always pays all ready money." Just as this answer had reduced me to despair, I heard a low whisper behind a door to my right—"Well, I think the man is a gentleman; now he is come, Capt. Makepiece, (you're always bringing people here), it will be proper, I suppose, to receive him; but you must tell him we have dined—he can take a little tea with us in the evening. There, go now; don't stand here like a fool." And the door was opened suddenly, and my friend pushed through, whose rheumatism easily losing him his equilibrium, he fell into my arms at once.

"How do you do, my dear fellow?" said I. "Ah!" said he, "how d'ye do—how are you—you must be tired—won't you sit down?" I could not help laughing, since we were in the hall without a sign of any convenience for putting his request into execution. "And where shall we sit down?" said I. "Ha, ha!" said he, faintly, "a devilish good joke, isn't it? where SHALL we sit down, by the bye?" After some murmuring between me, two servants and their master, and an appeal to the upper housemaid, who was below stairs, and who first visited the back parlour from which my friend the captain had burst upon me, I got introduced into a garret, and procured my bundle, and some warm water in a cracked blue jug, with which I contrived to make my ablutions.

With jaws aching with hunger, and with some faint symptoms of that aguish disorder which my sport was not unlikely to produce, I descended the oaken staircase, trembling at every step for my neck, which its polished surface put into evident jeopardy, and was shown into a largish, square, dark, pannelled room, most faintly illumined by two thin mould candles. One small, dying fire of wood, might be discovered between two old-fashioned brass dogs, that served as a fire-grate. Mrs. Makepiece, whose face, figure, and fair accomplishments, I have described, was sitting by a square table, covered with a loose green-baize cloth. The captain, one-half of whose face I now discovered to be frightfully red and swollen, while the other had shrunk into utter thinness and cadaverousness, sat twisting his thumbs by her side, and farthest from the fire—a chair was placed for me opposite.

Without being a great adept at Lord Chesterfield's maxims, I had quite sufficient tact to compliment my friend on his wife, and his wife on her property and mansion; and this, perchance, procured me the offer of some cold beef with my tea, which I thankfully accepted; and complaining of cold in my stomach, at which my friend murmured something about Mrs. Makepiece's late uncle having some excellent port, the lady assuring her husband that he was "a horror," and thought of nothing since he had escaped from a state of starvation but of ruining his health by luxurious living, very kindly offered me a little rhubarb in peppermint water; which she said was what she always took for any pain in the stomach; the Capt., the fast twinkling of whose best eye showed that he had not yet lost all relish for a joke, made some pun upon raising the wind, which it is not worth while to repeat. "Come, none of your vulgar jokes, Capt. Makepiece; the Major, I am sure, won't understand you, and I really have not been used to it; but this comes, Major Elyot, of marrying a beggar. My poor aunt, whenever her asthmatics would let her speak, used always to say how it would be; she, poor dear thing, was the pink of gentility—you don't know, Major Elyot, if she could have thought—but who could have thought? Oh, you awkward wretch—(as the Capt. rather maliciously turned his hot cup of tea over an unfaded grey silk gown)—you mean to kill me, to ruin me, I see you do; and who is to buy me other gowns, I should like to know?—this comes of marrying a beggar!"—and the lady flounced out of the room, leaving my friend and me to our various soliloquies and a bottle of "the late uncle's Port," which, when the lady was fairly gone to bed, the Capt. who had a FAC SIMILE of the key of the cellar, contrived to produce.

I must confess that, poverty stricken as I am, I thought my poor friend the most miserable of mortals, until I was awoke in the night by the information that Mrs. Makepiece had got the Cholera—she was taken at two in the morning, and was dead by twelve at mid-day. The whole of her fortune was left to the Magdalen. "And so much," said my friend, rubbing the rheumatic side of his face very dolorously—"So much, my dear fellow, for marrying for money!"

An itinerant preacher, who rambled in his sermons, when requested to stick to his text, replied, "that scattering shot would kill the most birds."

THE GREEK BARBER.

***** I crossed the ferry to Pera. Now the conveniences for the indulgence of the toilet, situated as I then was, were exceedingly limited; and, seeing the depot of an artist, vulgarly recognised as a barber, abundantly stocked with clean towels and keen looking razors, I entered, and intimated my wish to have my hair cut, and the performance of other little operations in his line, to the effect that I might be made comfortable. I seated myself complacently upon the bench which was extended round the room, and folded my legs under me with as much grace as the little practice I had had in that position enabled me. Seeing that I was a Frank—Franks generally pay better than natives—the master of the shop approached me with an air of considerable deference. He was a good natured looking Greek, particularly neat and trim in his attire. He wore his crimson Phesi jauntingly on one side, discovering a great portion of his very clear shorn temple. His eyebrows were reduced to a beautifully fine curved line, his mustaches, though very large and thick, were balanced to a hair; in fact, it might be said of him, that he carried the best recommendation to his customers in his face.

From his waist hung a broad leathern strap, and his girdle was garnished with several razors of very peculiar construction, very narrow in the blade, and firmly fixed in straight wooden handles. He addressed me with an "Oriste Effendi, Titheles;" (command me sir! what is your wish?) I signified my intentions. "Efthese," said he,—(speedy)—and, with his left hand, stretching the strap that hung from his middle, he smoothed it down with his right, and ended by giving it two or three smart slaps, that sounded like the smart crack of a rifle. The art of making this noise as peculiar to the barbers of the East as cracking a whip is to the French postilion.—Having strapped a razor, he removed my cap, and I then thought it high time to enter a remonstrance, saying, that I did not wish to have my head shaved, but simply my hair cut. "I understand you so," said he, "and am going to do it." "But," interrupted I, "surely not with a razor,—have you not got a——" imitating the action of a pair of scissors with my fingers. "Do not be afraid," said he; and a smile of contempt passed over his features as he, without further parly, applied his razor to my devoted head, and scraped from it a quantity of hair. "There," said he, "if you are not satisfied, I will send to my uncle Theodoree, the tailor, for his shears." I was compelled to submit, though in the full expectation of being scalped at every stroke of his accursed tool. When he pronounced the operation ended, I was not a little surpized to find my hair very decently cut, and myself unhurt.

He then proceeded to place under my chin a pewter basin, with a large rim cut out to fit the neck; and having washed my chin and cheeks with his fingers, and rubbed them with a piece of hard soap, he removed the basin, and putting his foot on the bench on which I sat, he laid my head gently upon his knee. He went on to shave me, not as our barbers do, by drawing the razor towards himself, but by pushing it from him outwards, pinching the skin up into ridges, and taking only at a stroke the crown of each ridge, making it not only tedious, but to me an excruciating operation, although, on the other hand, a very perfect one; for the face will remain smooth and beardless for a day or two. They seem to cut about eight and forty hours' growth beneath the skin. This ended, he put some questions to me; to which I, having no idea of the consequences, but supposing some matter of course, nodded an assent. He then tucked several towels down my neck and back, and gave me another pewter basin of the same construction as the first, but much larger. I had before observed a wooden bracket like an old fashioned gallows, projecting from the wall over my head, though without suspecting its use. Upon this he suspended a pewter pail, having a stop-cock in the bottom. He then produced a large wooden bowl, containing a quantity of soap, and with a piece of raw silk, made a wash sufficient to wash the whole population of the island. I saw him deposit this on the bench by his side and bare his arms to the elbow. I witnessed all this preparation with some little anxiety, and even apprehension; but encumbered as I was by my position and his infernal paraphernalia, he had me completely in his power; and as to remonstrance, he took an effectual method of cutting short any solecisms I might have committed against the dignity of Greece, by turning the stop-cock of the bucket above me, and, with the speed of thought, down came a bucket of scalding water! I tried to scream; the power of utterance was gone. I would have thrown the basin at him, but then my whole body must have been parboiled; I had nothing left but to endure. At last the deluge ceased. Now, thought I, now, thou perfidious barber,—though thou wert even the progenitor of Sir Edward himself—now will I be revenged of thee. I will dip thee in thy own copper, and hang thee up to dry like a lathered napkin, as a warning to all thy detestable craft how they exercise their atrocities upon confiding Franks. But alas! I opened my eyes, glistening with the fire of fury, but to be quenched with tears of torture. Oh, the lather! the lather! In a moment I was smothered—eyes, nose ears, and mouth—with the very sublimated essence of soap suds! The souls of the great-grandfather of all barbers, throughout all generations, must have concentrated their wickedness in this individual. He insinuated the compound into my eyes, he blew it up into my nostrils, he crammed it into my mouth, and thrust it into my ears. Soap suds and hot water! soap suds and hot water!! soap suds and hot water!!!—three times over. I can no more; 'tis like Alonso's dagger—

"It rouses horrid images—away with it!"

At last, he took from a dome-topped towel horse, that stood in the centre of room, over a basin of burning charcoal, a hot napkin, which he folded, turban-like, upon my head, while, with another, he dried my sodden countenance as well as he could. I was completely subdued—my spirit was broken—he might have tweaked me by the nose, and I should scarce have known it; but yet I wondered why these latter kindnesses were vouchsafed me. Alas! it was only to prolong my existence till I had endured, to their full extent, the enormities the monster yet meditated against me. He took my hand in one of his, and, placing the other upon my shoulder, suddenly extended my arm, making every joint crack. The other arm——. But I hasten over this part of my narrative; the remembrance is too painful to dwell upon.—He took possession of my head, and causing it to perform a ROULADE, after the fashion of our harlequin, he gave it such a dexterous twist on one side, producing a report that sounded, to my hearing, almost the only faculty I had left, like the crack of doom! I thought the whole vertebral column was dislocated. He then placed me upright, my back against the wall, retreated some three or four paces, and raising his hands, rushed with outspread palms against my chest, with such force as to cause the involuntary ejaculation of ha! as loud as an Irish pavior. The measure of his iniquity now being full, he called for a tchibouque and a cup of coffee,

---

TRANSPORTATION OF FEMALE CONVICTS. It is intended to send a great number of female convicts to Van Diemen's Land, where there is a great dearth of the fair sex. Several large ships have been taken up for this purpose, and to-morrow, or Sunday next, the Frances Charlotte, East Indiaman, Capt. A. Smith, commander, now lying off the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich, will leave the river Thames for Hobart-town, with 100 convict children, principally girls, who have been found guilty of various offences against the laws. Exclusive of these, there are 50 free young English women, who are going out in the same ship to seek husbands in Van Diemen's Land, but who will have no communication with the convicts, and be kept separate from them, as far as is practicable. Several have the expense of their passage paid by various parishes to which they are chargeable, and who are adopting this plan to relieve themselves of the burden of supporting them. A surgeon and two experienced matrons will accompany the passengers. Three other vessels will shortly follow the Frances Charlotte with similar freights. London Paper.

ANCIENT MANNER OF TESTIFYING APPLAUSE.—Among the Romans, the theatrical approbation was signified by an artificial kind of noise made by the audience to express satisfaction. There were three species of applause, denominated from the different noises made in them, viz: Bombus, Imbrius, and Testæ. The first was a confused din, made either by the hands or mouth; the second and third, by beating on a sort of sounding vessels, placed in various parts of the theatre for that purpose. Persons were instructed to give applauses with skill, and there were even masters who professed to teach the art. The proficients in this accomplishment let themselves out for hire to the poets and actors. It was usual at the end of a play to expect a loud peal of applause, and was generally asked for by the chorus, or last speaker in the drama. The formula was "Spectatores plaudite," or "Valete et plaudite." The plausores, or applauders, were divided into Chori, and disposed in the theatres opposite to each other, like the choristers in cathedrals, so that there was a kind of concert of applauses.

A YOUNG SOLDIER'S FIRST BATTLE.

It was after a fatiguing march, that, on the 17th June, the writer, with his regiment, arrived in sight of the since celebrated village of Ligny, two hours before the commencement of the battle which formed the terrible prelude to that of Waterloo. "What I am about to notice," he observes, "is what forcibly obtrudes itself on every one engaged in a battle. The corn was waving beautifully before us; but no sooner had one troop passed through, than the glory of the field vanished, and the corn stalks lay level on the earth. Every man now threw away his superfluous baggage: the finest and the coarsest linen was lying scattered around, intermixed with cards and dice, which the love of pleasure had collected, and which superstitious fear now discarded. Here, friends were imparting to each other their last injunctions; there, cowards drained the bottle for that courage which fails them, or hid their fears under the most disgusting bravadoes. ... On both sides of us regiments of cavalry were passing and charging the enemy; the roar of artillery was terrible. Here, a powder wagon blew up; there, a wounded man came galloping, with five or six led horses, which were frightfully scattered by a pursuing shot. We already saw many wounded; but the most appalling sight was that of horses torn to pieces by cannon balls, and rolling themselves with agonized strength in their own gore. In the midst of this awful scene we were disgusted by the profane jokes of a private, who kept capering and throwing his arms about in mockery, whenever a ball came flying our way. He had even gone so far as to fasten a false beard to his chin; and we were all wishing to see his indecencies put a stop to, when a ball struck him, and carried off both his beard and a portion of his face. Awful as the sight was, it excited a general laugh. It was 4 o'clock, when the adjutant informed that we should soon be engaged. We sang one of Korner's battle hymns, and had scarcely finished it, and formed our lines, when Blucher, with his suite, came up to us. The enthusiasm with which the hoary commander was greeted could not dispel the gloom which hovered on his brow, and which told us that we had a hot day before us. Now the longed for moment arrived, when we volunteers were ordered forward. With loud hurras, we rushed against the village of Ligny, which was then crowded with enemies, but were soon startled at the sight of a ravine which separated us from the place. The major, who was riding behind us, and composedly smoking his pipe, merely said, "Children, do honour to your regiment!" when we to a man jumped or slid down into the hollow, and climbing up on the other side, broke, where we could, through the hedges, out of which a discharge of musketry received us. Separated by the plantation, with which each of the houses was surrounded, every one had now to fight on his own guidance. The village was intersected by a deep brook, in which, however, there was, at that time, but little water; and the communication between the two sides was kept up by means of single planks laid across the stream. ... It was a murderous fight. Shots fell from every aperture of the houses, between and behind which the French kept up a constant firing in columns, while cannon balls were pouring down on us from a neighboring eminence, and several houses were on fire. This hailstorm of balls, which every moment scattered brick-bats, tiles, and branches of trees about us, startled even the oldest warriors. I fell in at the gap of a hedge, with four soldiers, none of whom seemed willing to pass first. Their sneers at the "young yager" made me take the lead, and I stepped over the corpse of an enemy, whom our shots had just killed. I cast a melancholy look at the pale face of the dead soldier, who was immediately rifled of his watch by the man who followed me. We got near a house, which was attacked on all sides; and expelled by fire and smoke, six grenadiers rushed out of it, offering a close front, and presenting their bayonets to us. More than twenty shots were fired, and they sank, one after the other, to rise no more. I was taking aim, when a fellow-soldier, who was just loading his musket, called my attention to a Frenchman, who was quietly kneeling in an open shed, strapping his knapsack, as if he was preparing for a parade.—"Take off that one," said the soldier. "I will not," I replied; but, at the same moment, some shots from another quarter stretched the defenceless man on the ground. The battle continued. Without hope of coming out of it alive, I continued firing, and sheltered myself behind trees for about three hours, which passed to me like so many minutes, without my being aware that on both sides of me, our troops had been twice driven back by the furious onsets and the superior numbers of the enemy. It might be about seven in the evening, when a comrade called out to me, "Yager, look to your left." I quickly turned in that direction, and perceived a party of Frenchman rushing down towards us; and at the same time I saw our major giving the signal of retreat, which was repeated by the bugle. The narrow bridge over which we had to pass was choked with people, and we stopped for some time exchanging shots with the enemy. At last we were compelled to think of our own safety; one of our officers boldly leaped into the ditch, and I was wounded; I followed him, and got safely up the opposite bank, and behind some trees, where I was sheltered. Perhaps I might have got off unhurt, but at this moment, a wounded friend called for my assistance, and while I was hastening towards him, three shots were fired at me; the first missed, the second separated both my bandoleers across my chest, and the third hit me under the lance, and tore the muscle of the leg."—[*Trans. from the German in the Athenæum.*]

FALSE DELICACY.—One of the most remarkable traits in the character of the American women is their extreme, and almost excessive, modesty. It has been noticed by almost all foreigners who have travelled among us. Mrs. Trollope, whose book cannot be so destitute of truth and justice, as some have pretended, since it has reached the *fourth American* edition, often alludes to this point in the character of our country women; and she illustrates it with some very laughable examples. The conversation, between a gentleman and a lady *about a shirt*, which she gives us, in one of her chapters, in which the gentleman tries all his skill to make the lady confess what sort of a garment she is making; and the lady on her part, doubles every way, uses all her ingenuity, and resorts at last downright to falsehood to avoid pronouncing so indecent a word as shirt, is very amusing, and is confirmed by almost daily experience.

This excessive prudery, though certainly altogether less blameworthy, and less dangerous than the opposite extreme, is still ridiculous enough, and often interrupts without any sufficient reason, the easy flow of social conversation. It is not however, peculiar to the American, as the following story will show.

When the young Queen of Philip IV, of Spain, was on her way to Madrid, there for the first time to behold a husband whom she had married without ever having seen him, she passed through a little town in Spain, famous for its manufactory of gloves and stockings. The magistrates of the place, thought they could not better express their joy, on the arrival of their new Queen, than by presenting her with a sample of those manufactures for which their town was so celebrated. The Major Domo who conducted the Princess, received the *gloves* very graciously; but when the stockings were presented, he flung them away with great indignation, and severely reprimanded the magistrates for having been guilty of the egregious indecorum and indecency of offering such a present; *Know*, said he, *that a Queen of Spain has no legs.* The young Queen, who at this time understood the Spanish language but imperfectly, and who had often been frightened with stories of Spanish jealousy, imagined that when she arrived at Madrid they would proceed immediately to cut her legs off—just as Chinese render their women cripples, to keep them at home, and preserve them from being exposed to temptation.

As the young Queen was altogether too fond of motion, to be willing to part with her legs, she fell a crying, and begged the Major Domo to conduct her back to Germany, protesting most seriously, that she never could endure the operation. It was not without great difficulty, and after many tedious explanations, that her attendants could appease her. Philip IV. is said never in his life to have laughed heartily but once;—and this was when this story of his new wife was first told to him.—*Boston Atlas.*

City of New-York:

SATURDAY MORNING, NOV. 24, 1832.

LIFE IN NEW-YORK.

The incidents worthy of record during the past week have been few. Early in the week a committee of our citizens invited Mr. Rives, our late minister to France, to partake of a public dinner, which owing to his private arrangements he was compelled to decline. This decision, however unavoidable, has been a subject of general regret, and especially to those who have been benefited by the successful issue of our negociations with France.

On Wednesday the "Freedom of the City" was presented to His Excellency Martin Van Buren. For some days previous, cards of admission had been distributed; and at the appointed hour the Hall of the Common Council was filled with a splendid company, comprising a great number of ladies and many of our most distinguished citizens.

The mayor made a pertinent and complimentary address to Mr. Van Buren, to which he replied in the most felicitous manner. On resuming his seat, the gratification of the assembly broke out in the warmest and most enthusiastic applause.

The mayor now performed the ceremony of investiture—administering the oath of the freeman, and presenting in due form the parchament and the magnificent gold box.

Now came the better part of the entertainment. The congratulations, &c. being completed, the Common Council and their guests retired to the Governor's room, where refreshments were served up, and where the guests had an opportunity of paying their respects to Mr. Van Buren. On the whole this was a clever affair, and afforded much satisfaction to the numerous friends of this distinguished gentleman.

With the exception of these two events, nothing new or marvellous has occurred to vary the scene of our city's pleasures.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

The arrangements which are in progress in reference to the contemplated theatrical compliment to this gentleman, are of a character that promise a dramatic treat unexampled in this country. Mr. Payne has long been distinguished as the author of many successful plays; indeed, it is asserted that the stage is indebted to him for *sixty* successful pieces, embracing the whole range of tragedy, comedy, opera, and farce. He has recently returned from Europe after an absence of twenty years; and the townsmen of his native city have taken this method to exhibit their friendship, and to express their appreciation of what he has accomplished.

A committee of about eighty gentlemen of the highest respectability have determined on Thursday evening, Nov. 29th, as the time when will be produced an entertainment, brilliant beyond example in the annals of the American Drama. The Park Theatre is selected as the place of exhibition, and the most distinguished performers from every part of the country have volunteered to participate in paying this deserved tribute to the worth and talents of their favourite author.

To render this compliment substantially advantageous to the gentleman to whom it is offered, the Committee have decided that it would be undervaluing the attractions and the motives to offer the tickets at a less price than five dollars each. We look forward to this event as one peculiarly interesting to all lovers of the Drama; and have no doubt the entertainments will attract a more splendid and fashionable house than were ever assembled within the walls of "Old Drury."

The great hunting elephant Helen M'Gregor, died on the 19th ult. at the house of Hezekiah Hiatt, Clinton county, Ohio. She was the property of J. B. Green & Co. of this city.

LIBERALITY OF SENTIMENT IN BOSTON.

In looking over the list of those elected to the Massachusetts Legislature from the city of Boston, we remark the names of *six* conductors of newspapers. This is liberal, and as it should be. And it must strike the poor disfranchised Editors of our city, as a rare boon thus to enjoy the confidence of their readers and the public at large. As humble caterers for those delighting in the amusements of life, we are content if we but gratify the general taste; but with our political Editors the case is different. They certainly have claims in common with other citizens—but who even thinks of conferring an office of this kind on an Editor? They may toil and sweat—they may go through the whole drudgery of an electioneering campaign—and then thank their stars they have not lost a subscriber. Thus, too, it is in Philadelphia and Baltimore; and yet, poor souls, they utter no complaints and plod on, bolstering their friends into offices of honour and emolument with all the assiduity and zeal of political aspirants.

It is difficult to say why this difference exists. Surely our knights of the quill are as talented and patriotic as those of Boston—it may perchance be owing to their excessive modesty—to that shrinking, retiring, bashful disposition, which so distinguishes them. Or perhaps their stubborn regard to truth and unbending integrity, partially unfits them for following the sinuous course of our wily politicians. Let it be owing to what it may, it is no less a mortifying fact, and discreditable to the fraternity. "*We say nothing*"—but should a worthy man of the corps editorial present himself for the suffrages of our citizens, we should think it marvellous strange that he could not be elected, backed as he would be by that respectable and extensive class of operatives, known as editors, publishers, printers, type founders, and paper dealers. We have and shall avoid politics; but where the character of our profession is involved, and its members palpably neglected, we shall not be backward in lending our feeble aid to assist in the righteous endeavour of securing for them the privileges of American citizens.

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

At a numerous meeting of the citizens of New York, held at the Merchants' Exchange, various resolutions were unanimously adopted, expressive of their deep and unfeigned regret at the death of Sir Walter Scott. We have not room for the whole proceedings of this interesting meeting, but have given below the resolutions as adopted.

Resolved, That while we yield to the people of Scotland the pride of local associations, for that the land of their nativity was also the birthplace of the author of Marmion and Waverly, we claim to share equally in their veneration for the purity of character and splendor of genius, which distinguished the "Minstrel of the North."

Resolved, That we tender with heart-felt sincerity the expression of our sorrow and sympathy to the relatives and friends of the deceased for their irreparable loss.

The following resolutions introduced by John Duer, Esq. who supported them in an able and eloquent address, were unanimously adopted.

Resolved, That a committee of fifteen be appointed, with power to increase their number, whose duty it shall be to receive subscriptions in aid of the fund proposed to be appropriated as a tribute to the memory of Sir W. Scott, and that no subscription shall exceed ten dollars.

Resolved, That the funds to be raised by the committee under the preceding resolution, be applied by them in their discretion to the erection of a monument to the memory of Sir Walter Scott in this city, or if it shall be found advisable to be paid over to the corresponding committee for transmission to Edinburgh.

Resolved, That a committee of ten be appointed, with authority to conduct all the correspondence growing out of these proceedings.

Corresponding Committee.

Washington Irving	G. C. Verplank
James K. Paulding	David Maitland
Wm. C. Bryant	John S. Crary
William Leggett	Wm. M'Leod
James Hay	Chas. F. Hoffman.

KNOWLES.—A public dinner was given at Glasgow to Sheridan Knowles, the author of the Hunchback, at which Professor Stanford presided; who, among other remarks made on proposing the health of Mr. Knowles, spoke as follows, which is worthy of record from the facts of the case:

The Chairman, in proposing the health of Mr. Knowles, alluded to the difficulties which lay in the path of him who ventured upon scenic poetry. "From that region of art," said the Professor, "the fervent muse of Campbell has religiously abstained. The fancy of Moore—gay, frolicsome, and subtle as it is—but once essayed the scenic lyre, and speedily shrunk back, 'scared at the sound itself had made.' Byron, with all his knowledge of the human heart, and all the passionate vigor of his strains, was tremblingly alive to their unfitness for the stage. Even our mighty Northern Enchanter, when he approached dramatic ground, beheld the wand fall broken from his hand.—Gentlemen, these facts are sufficient to set in its true light that fortunate audacity of purpose, and that power of imagination, which have made Mr. Knowles the most successful dramatic writer of his age."

BRIG AMELIA.

There has been created no inconsiderable excitement in our community by the disasters which have attended this vessel since she sailed from this port. It is generally known that after suffering a violent storm for some days, during which she was compelled to close the hatches, she put into Charleston in distress, having the cholera on board, which is supposed to have been created by the great number of passengers, and the necessity of confining them below. The authorities of Charleston ordered the vessel to be burnt, and the passengers to be provided for in such a manner as could be done without endangering the health of the city. Their sufferings were undoubtedly great, and many lives were lost. A communication appeared in the American, attributing these misfortunes entirely to the agents of the brig, who are charged with allowing a greater number of passengers to go out in her than is permitted by law, or than was safe in so small a vessel. These severe charges are met by the agents in a subsequent number of the same paper, exonerating both themselves and the owner from the imputations cast upon them. In the point at issue between the passengers and the agents and owner, we have no interest nor concern—we mention it as an item of news of a most disastrous character, and in which the welfare and the feelings of many are deeply involved.

CAPE DE VERDS.—The Journal of Commerce estimates that the total amount of subscriptions in the United States for the relief of the famishing inhabitants of the Cape de Verd Islands will amount to about $35,000

GREAT NATURAL CURIOSITY.—Thorburn never misses an opportunity to gratify his friends with whatever he can find of nature's products that is remarkable for its beauty or its rarity. He has lately purchased one of the most striking natural curiosities that we ever saw. It is a turnip, raised in Mindon, Conn. which resembles a man's hand so closely as to startle the beholder as it is unrolled from the paper in which it is wrapped. The fingers are nearly perfect, as also is the thumb, save that it is withered a little since it was taken from the ground. The fingers are also properly shaped, and fitted to each other even to the natural crook of the little finger. It is really a wonderful production.—Mr. Thorburn gave five dollars for it.

The match race in South Carolina between *Bertrand, Jun.* and *Andrew*, for $5000, is not likely to take place. The Petersburgh Intelligencer of Tuesday says, "We learn that there is no probability that Andrew will ever appear on the turf again. The serious injury which he has received, and which first manifested itself at the Fairfield Races last week, will, it is supposed, put an end to his racing career."

COLEY'S TREATISE.—We find on our table a "Treatise on Medical Jurisprudence," by Henry Coley, M.D. which from a casual glance at its contents we judge to be the work of a scholar. The subject, more than any other connected with medicine, is interesting to the general reader, and especially to lawyers. To the medical faculty the subject is of the utmost importance, as the welfare of society at large often depends on their testimony in cases of sudden death, when an ignorance of this science incapacitates them from rendering justice to the dead on the living.—It will appear in numbers. This is Part I—Part II will appear in a few months.

THE ATHENÆUM—*Journal of Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.*—Messrs. Peabody & Co. Broadway, have a parcel of the last number of this elegant periodical for sale, at one shilling each, containing a very pleasing account of the life and writings of Sir Walter Scott, by Allan Cunningham.

At this time whatever relates to this great genius is particularly interesting; and we recommend the purchase of the Athenæum as affording a narrative that will be found highly entertaining to the admirers of the "Minstrel of the North."

At a late public dinner given in London, on account of the Reform, Campbell the poet proposed a toast for Poland, and prefaced an address on the subject with the following remarks on the character of the Emperor Nicholas:—

"He would say, and the Russian Ambassador in this country might prosecute him if he pleased, that he despised and utterly condemned the tyrant of Russia—that he considered him a monster. [Immense cheering.] He had heard of the Malays—those monsters that drank the blood of their victims; yet he did not deem them more savage than the miscreant autocrat. The cold hearted cruelty of a Burke and a Bishop was such, that even their remains had been held up to the disgust of the world; but never was a subject placed in a dissecting room, that deserved such contumely more than the savage who styled himself Emperor of all the Russias."

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK.

Mr. HILL has been giving illustrations of the Yankees at this theatre, which in many points actually surpass the far-famed attempts of Hackett in the same line. Hill's characters are of a lower grade, but not less humorous or characteristic. The truth of the portraits cannot be mistaken; and the irresistible bursts of laughter throughout the house, prolonged and renewed at every sentence, afford the most flattering testimony of the merits of Mr. Hill's illustrations.

On Monday we saw Beatrice by Miss Kemble. Those who participated with us in this pleasure can alone know how impossible it is to express by mere words the wonderful fascinations with which Miss Kemble contrives to endow this masterly drawn character. We have seen this part in other hands, and have ever been dissatisfied. Beatrice is not an every day, hoyden girl, who flirts with and jeers her admirers in a ruthless spirit of cruelty,—yet so nearly does she approach to this detestable trait that it requires the nice discrimination and all the power of Miss Kemble herself to clearly make the distinction, and yet preserve the beauty of the spirited original. If we could see Miss Kemble but in two characters, Beatrice should be one. She does nothing like it, and many of the most judicious pronounce it her masterpiece. In this opinion, however, we do not concur. Yet her superiority to all others we have ever seen is more apparent in this character than in Julia. This arises, we fancy, from the fact that almost any clever actress can render Julia interesting, while Beatrice is entirely beyond their reach—or, in other words, an indifferent Julia can be tolerated, while a perfect Beatrice alone can satisfy. We fear she may not again give us an opportunity to witness this inimitable personification, but should the occasion of doing so present itself, during any future engagement, we entreat all "Shakspearians" to attend the Park, and they will see embodied in the personification of this peerless lady all their wildest imaginations could have pictured for the reality of this matchless creation of the poet.

Mr. Kemble's Benedict is a first-rate performance. His age does not in the least disqualify him for the part. The causticity of a gay old bachelor well becomes him, and the developement of the "tender passion" is done in a style so characteristic that even the most fastidious cannot detect a fault. Mr. Kemble is more and more appreciated every evening of his performance, and those at first inclined to detract from his merits have become his warmest admirers.

Wilkinson's Dogberry excited more mirth than the part would do in almost any other hands. He is decidedly a first rate humorist, and well sustains the reputation that he enjoyed at *home*.

We seldom notice an afterpiece, but cannot forbear mentioning Placide's inimitable performance in the farce of Ways and Means. This gentleman is a great favourite, and has no superior in that line of characters which he so industriously and so faithfully personates. There is no buffoonery, no trick—no mouth-making and grimace, to catch applause from the pit;—he merely gives us the natural, unaffected outpourings of "an odd old gentleman," whose vanity and conceitedness so predominate that they alone embrace his whole character.

THE AMERICAN.

During the absence of Mr. Hamblin and Miss Vincent, the attractions at this Theatre are kept up by Mr. Booth. On Monday he appeared in Richard before a full house. The celebrity which he has acquired in this part, had raised the expectations of the audience to that heighth which none but Booth could have realized. His performance gave general satisfaction, and although evidently suffering from the effects of his late illness, he surmounted all difficulties, and rendered the points of the play in a most masterly manner.

On Wednesday he played Sir Giles Overreach, and those who had the pleasure of witnessing the performance, speak in raptures of its execution.

We could not, perhaps, better satisfy the friends of this Theatre than by informing them of the reception which their favorites have, and are, receiving in Boston.—To do this the more satisfactorily, we transfer to our columns the following notice of Mr. Hamblin and Miss Vincent, from the Boston Daily Atlas:

"Miss Vincent appeared last evening for the 8th night, with undiminished success, (the house being crowded in every part) in her favorite character of Julia, in the intensely interesting play of the Hunchback. Much has deservedly been said in this young Lady's praise. With youth, beauty, grace, and a clear and melodious voice, she unites the essential qualities for eminence in her profession—deep feeling and freshness of conception—the latter are particularly prominent in this piece—while with great good sense she has not allowed any of the stronger points to escape her: in many passages she exhibited beauties that astonished us. For instance with Clifford in the fourth act.

"I breathe,
"I could have sworn 'twas he,
"So like the voice
"I dare not look, lest there the form should stand."

There was a breathless apprehension, a serious excitement well calculated to keep the audience in suspense until relieved by her impassioned exclamation of "O Clifford! is it you!" Indeed her acting throughout the whole of this play was so chaste and beautiful as to make one feel regret that Julia was not every night before us. Hamblin played and looked Sir Thomas Clifford admirably. The part is not a very good one, but Mr. Hamblin did with it what he does with every thing he plays, the most—he is one of those actors who with very first talents possesses discretion and discrimination."

COUNTESS GUICCIOLI.—This celebrated Italian beauty is at Brighton with her brother Count Gamba, where it is said she is a much greater favorite among the fashionables than Lady Byron, whom she often passes on the esplanade. The English papers are earnest in praise of the Countess. The following little sketch of her is from a late London Gazette: "She is descended from a noble and ancient family, and, while yet scarcely more than a child, contracted a marriage with Count Guiccioli, in which the feelings of her family were more consulted than the heart of the young lady. Count Guiccioli's very large fortune, his rank and connexions, rendered him a desirable match in the eyes of all the noblesse at Ravenna, but the difference of age, he being above forty years senior to his bride, and the difference of pursuits and tastes that such a disparity of age creates, soon led to domestic unhappiness, that was followed by a separation, sued for by the countess and her relations, but strongly opposed by the husband. The countess had been but a short time married, when the attachment to Lord Byron commenced—an attachment that her extreme youth and inexperience, aided by the powers of fascination so universally attributed to the object of it, may in part, excuse, and which even death has not had power to destroy. On her separation from her husband, the countess sought the protection of her father; she accompanied him in the exile to which his political opinions subjected him, and continued to reside with him until he was recalled, when she returned with him, and has since continued beneath his roof, except while traveling with one of her brothers, the Count Gamba. During the whole of Lord Byron's attachment to her, the Countess Guiccioli never left the protection of her father, and her devotion and unceasing attention to him during his exile has been no less remarkable than the total disinterestedness that marked her sentiments towards the noble poet."

SUMMARY.

A new drama, by Bernard, is shortly to be brought out at the Adelphi Theatre, London, founded on Washington Irving's story of Rip Van Winkle.

SYLVESTER'S REPORTER.—This journal has just been enlarged, and presents an appearance equal to any of the same description in our country.

WILD SPORTS OF THE WEST.—Carey & Lea have in press a republication of an elegant English work under this title. It is an amusing work, illustrated with several spirited pictures exhibiting the feats of the chace, of eyrie hunting, &c. in the western parts of Great Britain.

PLOT IN MARTINIQUE.—The Port of Spain Gazette of October 5th, contains a letter from Martinique of 27th September, which states that a plot had been discovered among the negroes in that Island, for murdering the whites, which was to have been executed on St. Bartholomew's eve.—The government would adopt measures to guard against its effects.

GREAT CONFLAGRATION AT BUFFALO.—On Wednesday morning of last week a most distressing fire occurred at Buffalo. Property to the amount of $150,000 is destroyed, and scenes of distress better imagined than described, follow in its train.

SHIP ALABAMA.—We lament to say that advices have been received here from New Orleans, which state that a report was in circulation there, that the packet ship Alabama was lost on the Tortugas, on her voyage to New Orleans.

AMERICAN CITIES.—The growth of Baltimore, says a paper of that city, is unequalled in the history of nations. For the last thirty years, it is calculated that the population has doubled once in six years; and now is considered the third city in the Union. There was but one house on the ground where Baltimore now stands, 103 years ago.

Cincinnati is the largest city in Ohio, and though but 13 years since, the town was laid off—the number of inhabitants in 1830 was 27,000. It is the seat of justice for Hamilton county, situated on the Ohio river, in the south-west corner of the state. Its growth is more rapid than most other cities, and is fast rising to be the New-York of the west.

CHOLERA IN NEW ORLEANS.—Letters and papers received yesterday, are of the 6th inst. but they contain very little additional intelligence.—A letter written on the evening of the 6th says: "Our condition is deplorable. Every face is marked with gloom, and the only conversation when we meet is to congratulate each other that we are still alive; while from one hundred and fifty to two hundred of our fellow mortals are the daily victims."

GLEANINGS IN NATURAL HISTORY.—A gentleman, a good shot, lent a favorite old pointer to a friend who had not much to accuse himself of in the slaughter of partridges, however much he might have frightened them. After ineffectually firing at some birds which the old pointer had found for him, the dog turned away in apparent disgust, went home, and never could be persuaded to accompany the same person afterwards.

I have been often much delighted with watching the manner in which some of the old bucks in Bushy Park contrive to get the berries from the fine thorn trees there. They will raise themselves on their hind legs, give a spring, entangle their horns in the lower branches of the tree, give them one or two shakes, which makes some of the berries fall, and they will then quickly pick them up.

The power which bees possess of ventilating their hives and of producing such temperature as will prevent the wax from melting in hot weather, is, I think, another proof that something more than mere instinct influences their conduct, as, in their natural state, bees are probably not in so confined a space as they are in our common straw hives, or exposed so much to the heat of the sun.—In hot weather, a number of bees (the number being probably regulated by the state of the atmosphere) may be observed busily employed at the bottom of the hive, moving their wings with so much rapidity, that the motion of them is almost imperceptible.

If, while this action is going forward, a lighted candle should be held at an opening on the top of the hive, it will immediately be blown out, a fact which will enable you to form some idea of the current of air produced by these insects from the motion of their wings. I have, however, known instances in extreme hot weather, when all the labors of the bees to keep the hive in a proper temperature have failed, and a part of the wax has melted. In this case it is dangerous to go near the hive. The bees are in a state of extreme irritation, and though I fancy that mine know me and receive me as a friend, and allow me sometimes to take liberties with them with impunity, yet, at the time referred to, I have suffered from their stings in endeavoring to shelter them more effectually from the heat of the sun.

The boldness of a pike is very extraordinary. I have seen one follow a bait within a foot of the spot where I have been standing; and the head keeper of Richmond Park assured me that he was once washing his hand at the side of a boat in the in the great pond in that Park, when a pike made a dart at it, and he had but just time to withdraw it. A gentleman now residing at Weybridge, in Surrey, informed me that, walking one day by the side of the River Wey, near that town he saw a large pike in a shallow creek. He immediately pulled off his coat, tucked up his shirt sleeves and went into the water to intercept the return of the fish to the river, and to endeavor to throw it upon the bank by getting his hands under it. During this attempt, the pike, finding he could not make his escape, seized one of the arms of the gentleman, and lacerated it so much that the wound is still very visible.

A friend of mine once caught a pike a few minutes after breaking his tackle, and found it in the pike, a part of the gimp hanging out of his mouth. He also caught another, in high condition, with a piece of strong twisted wire projecting from its side. On opening it a double elf-hook was found at the end of the wire much corroded. This may account for so few pike being found dead after they have broken away with a gorge-hook in them. An account will be found, in "Salmonia," of a pike taking a bait, with a set of hooks in his mouth, which he had just before broken from a line.

Mr. Knight informed me that, having been requested by one of his customers to endeavor to preserve a favorite mulberry-tree, which for many years had flourished on her lawn, but which, with the exception of one very large branch, was either dead or decaying, he waited till the sap had ascended, and then barked the branch completely round near its junction with the trunk of the tree. Having filled three sacks with mould, he tied them round that part of the branch which had been barked, and by means of one or two old watering pots, which were kept filled with water, and placed over the sacks, from which the water gradually distilled, the mould in the sacks was sufficiently moistened for his purpose. Towards the end of the year he examined the sacks, and found them filled with numerous small fibrous roots, which the sap, having no longer the bark for its conductor into the main roots of the tree, had thus expended itself in throwing out.—A hole having been prepared near the spot, the branch was sawn off below the sacks, and planted with them, the branch being propped securely. The next summer it flourished and bare fruit, and is still in a thriving condition.

SINGULAR.—The Eastern Centinel relates the following:—"The citizens of Allentown were very much startled and surprised a few Sundays ago by a strange occurrence which happened at the Lutheran Church of that place. While the Rev. Mr. Yearger was about administering the sacrament, and had just left his pulpit to come down to the altar for that purpose, two large black snakes emerged from the wall, and unseen by the congregation below commenced gamboling and chasing each other upon the top of the sounding board (as it is called) which projects over the pulpit. Those persons who were in the gallery had a fair view of them, and observed that they did not retire until the communion was over. After service, the place was examined, and a hole found, which to judge from its size, must apparently have caused considerable compression before it admitted of the animals' passage. How the snakes could have made their way through a comparative new wall to such a height, remains still a mystery."

CALMUCK COURTSHIP.—The women ride better than the men. A male Calmuck on horseback looks as if he was intoxicated, and likely to fall off every instant, though he never loses his seat; but the women sit with more ease, and ride with extraordinary skill. The ceremony of marriage among the Calmucks is performed on horseback. A girl is first mounted, who rides off at full speed. Her lover pursues, and if he overtakes her, she becomes his wife, returning with him to his tent. But it sometimes happens that the woman does not wish to marry the person by whom she is pursued, in which case she will not suffer him to overtake her; and we were assured that no instance occurs of a Calmuck girl being thus caught, unless she has a

SPORTING VARIETIES.

TREE HILL RACES.

SECOND DAY'S RACE.—Proprietor's Purse $300—two mile heats.

Henry A. Tayloe's ch. h. Tichicus, by Clifton, 4 years old,	4	1	1
Wm. R. Johnson's ch. m. Annette, by Sir Charles, 5 years old,	2	2	2
Isham Puckett's ch. m. Dismal, by Contion, 4 years old,	1	4	3
John M. Bott's ch. m. Betsey Graves, by Sir William, 4 years old,	3	3	dis

Time—1st heat 4m. 20s., 2d do. 3m. 56s., 3d do. 3m. 56s.

The favorite was Annette, and betting freely on her against the field. The first heat was evidently given away, by Annette and Tichicus waiting on each other. They mutually feared no other competitor in the race.

The second heat was a very fair trial of the powers of both these horses. Tichicus made his run at Annette on the turn into the quarter stretch and locked her. Up the quarter stretch, the whole distance, it was doubtful which was ahead—both at their best. Tichicus came out ahead by a neck only.

The third heat was run precisely in the same way—and won by Tichicus by about two lengths.

It was decided on all hands to have been a beautiful and well contested race.

THIRD DAY—Nov. 16.—Jockey Club Purse $1000—eight entries—only seven started.

John P. White's ch. h. Collier, by Charles, 6 years old,	4	1	
Thomas Doswell's b. m. Eliza Wharton, by Director, 4 years old,	1	3	3
Henry A. Tayloe's b. g. Pizarro, by Alfred, 5 years old,	6	3	2
Hector Davis' ch. m. Dolly Dixon, by Charles, 5 years old,	2	4	dis
Wm. H. Minge's ch. m. I. C. by Archie, 5 years old,	7	5	dr.
Isham Puckett's b. m. Lady Pest, by Carolinian, 5 years old,	3		dis
James J. Harrison's ch. h. Goliah, by Eclipse, 5 years old,	5		dr.

Time—1st heat, 8m. 26s.—2d, 8m. 5s.—3d, 8m. 13.

The first three miles of the first heat were run in very good time, 6m. 2s. The last half mile there was no contest, the winning horse coming out in a walk, and the others being led through, so that the placing them was entirely accidental. The first two miles, the contest was between Collier and Goliah, the third mile, and half the fourth, between Eliza Wharton and Goliah, till the latter broke down.

The second heat was won easily by Collier, beating Eliza Wharton a few lengths, and leading throughout the heat.

The third heat Collier again took the lead, and kept it throughout, with Pizarro close at his heels. He was not put up to his best in any part of the heat, and was generally under a hard pull. Collier was the favorite throughout, as Goliah was believed not to be entirely recovered from his run of four mile heats the last week at Norfolk.

A HORSE WITH ONE FAULT.—Sergeant Bond related the following anecdote of himself with great good humour:—I once bought a horse from a horse dealer, warranted sound in all his points. I thought I had got a treasure, but still wished to find out if he had any fault. I, therefore, when I had paid for him, said to the seller, 'Now my friend, you have got your money, and I the horse, so that the bargain is closed: but do, like an honest fellow, tell me fairly of any fault which he has.' 'Why sir,' said he, 'you have dealt with me like a gentleman, and as you ask me to be frank with you, I must tell you that the horse has one fault.' I pricked up my ears, 'What is that my friend?' says he, 'it is that he will not go into the yard of the Crown Inn at Uxbridge.' 'pooh, pooh, said I, 'if that's all I am not likely to put him to the trial, as I have nothing to do with, or to lead me to Uxbridge.' It, however, so happened, that I had occasion to go to Uxbridge, and I determined to try if my horse retained his dislike to the yard of the Crown Inn. I accordingly rode up the street until I came opposite to the inn-yard of the Crown. I faced about, said the Sergeant, seated myself firmly in my stirrups, at the same time exhibiting the attitude in which the feat was to be performed. Expecting a plunge from my horse, I stuck my spurs into his sides, and pushed him forward into the yard; but what was my surprise to find him enter the yard as quietly as a cow, that had just gone in before him. But I was not long left in doubt of what appeared to be the cause of this change in his antipathies, by the landlord's coming up to him, and tapping him on the shoulder—'Ha, Jack!' says he, 'I am glad to see you again; I thought I had lost you!' 'What do mean, Mr. Landlord?' 'Sir,' says he, 'this horse was stolen from me about six months ago, and I have never seen him since.' 'I did not much relish this information,' said the sergeant, 'but I could not help laughing at the conceit of the horse dealer, to prevent me from going to a place where his theft would be discovered; I wished I had attended to his caution as the sale was not regular, and I was left to make the best terms I could with the landlord.' What they were, he keeps to himself.—*Frazer's Magazine.*

AN OTTER HUNT.

"The old otter killer stood beside us: the rushing of the stream prevented us from noticing his approach. He had been examining his traps; and as the way was rugged, he was delayed till now. The old man's appearance in this place, and at that hour, was picturesque. His dark dress, his long white hair falling down his shoulders, the seal-skin wallet, the fish-spear, and the rough terrier, his companion, all were in perfect keeping. 'Well, Antony, what spoot?' 'Little to speak of, Master Julius; I suspect the trap wants oiling, for there was an otter's *sprainte* (marks or traces left by the animal) every place about it. I went to the lake yonder, and while the breeze kept up, the fish took well. I killed a dozen red trout.' 'Did you meet any of the gentle-folk, friend Anthony?' 'This is just the night that one would expect to find them quadrilling upon some green and mossy hillock.' The old man smiled, and turned to me, 'Well, well, the master won't believe in them; but if he had seen them as I did—' 'And did you really see them?' 'God knows I tell you the truth, sir.' Then, resting himself on a rock, he thus continued:—'It will be eleven years next mouth, I was hunting otters at Lough na Mucka; the master knows the place; many a good grouse he shot beside it. I then had the two best terriers beneath the canopy; this poor crater is their son,' and he patted the dog's head affectionately. 'Well, I had killed two well-sized cubs, when Badger, who had been working in the weeds, put out the largest bitch I ever saw: I fired at her, but she was too far from me, and away she went across the Lough, and Badger and Venom after her. She rose at last, Badger gripped her, and down went dog and otter. They remained so long under water that I was greatly afraid the dog was drowned; but, after awhile, up come Badger. Though I was right glad to see my dog, I did not like to lose the beast; and I knew from the way that Badger's jaws were torn, that there had been a wicked struggle at the bottom. Well, I encouraged the dog; and when he had got his breath again he dived down, nothing daunted, for he was the best terrier ever poor man was master of.—Long as he had been before at the bottom, he was twice longer now. The surface bubbled, the mud rose, and the water became black as ink. Oh! murder, says I, Badger, have I lost ye? and I set to clapping my hands for trouble, and Venom set up the howl as if her heart was broke. When, blessed be the maker of all! up comes Badger, with the otter gripped by the neck. The bitch swam over to help him, and I waded to the middle, and speared and landed the beast. Well, when I examined her, she had her mouth full of roots and moss; for she had fastened on a stump at the bottom, and the poor dog was sorely put to make her break her hold. I mind it well; I sold the skin in Galway, and got a gold guinea for it.'—'Was that the night you met the fairies?' 'Stay, master Julius; I'm coming to that.'

Well, three otters were a heavy load, and I had four long miles to travel before I could reach Mortcein Cassagh's. The master knows the house well. The night was dark, and it's the worst ground in Connaught. Well, I was within a mile of Mortecin's when it became as black as pitch; and I had the shaking bog to cross, that you can hardly pass in daytime, where, if a man missed his way he would be swallowed up in a moment. The rain began; the poor dogs were famished with cold and hunger. God! I was sure I must not stay there, starving, till the morning: when, on a sudden, little lights danced before me, and shewed me the hard tammocks as plain as if the sun was up. I was in a cruel fright; the dogs whimpered, and would not stir from my feet. I was afraid to stay where I was, as I knew the gentle-people were about me; and I was unwilling to attempt the *quagh*, for fear the light would leave me; and then I would get neither back nor forward. Well, the wind began to rise; the rain grew worse; I got desperate and resolved to speak to the fairies civilly. 'Gentlemen and ladies,' says I, making a bow to the place where the lights were dancing, 'may be ye would be so obliging as to light me across the bog?' In a minute there was a blaze from one end of the quagh to the other; and a hundred lights were flashing over the bogs. I took heart and ventured; and wherever I put my foot the place was as bright as day; and I crossed the swamp as safely as if I had been walking on a gravelled road. Every inch the light came with me, till I reached the *boreen* (a horse path to the bogs) leading to Mortecin Crassagh's; then, turning about I made the fairies a low bow, 'Gentlemen and ladies,' says I, 'I'm humbly thankful for your civility, and I wish ye now a merry night of it.' God preserve us! the words were hardly out, when there was a roar of laughter above, below, and around me. The lights vanished, and it became at once so dark that I could scarcely make out my way. When I got fairly inside Morteein's kitchen, I fainted dead; and, when I came to, I told them what had happened. Many a time fairy candles are seen at Lough na Muck; but sorrow a mortal was ever lighted across the quagh by the gentle people but myself, and that the country knows. Well, the master is laughing at me; but I'll hobble to the cabin, or they'll think that the good people have carried me off at last, as they did Shamus Bollogh from Ballycroy."

THE SEAL.

"About forty years ago a young seal was taken in Clew Bay, and domesticated in the kitchen of a gentleman whose house was situated on the seashore. It grew apace, became familiar with the servants, and attached to the house and family; its habits were innocent and gentle, it played with the children, came at its master's call, and, as the old man described him to me, was 'fond as a dog, and playful as a kitten.' Daily the seal went out to fish, and, after providing for his own wants, frequently brought in a salmon or turbot to his master. His delight in summer was to bask in the sun, and in winter to lie before the fire, or, if permitted, creep into the large oven, which at that time formed the regular appendage of an Irish kitchen. For four years the seal had been thus domesticated, when, unfortunately, a disease, called in this country *the crippawn*—a kind of paralytic affection of the limbs, which generally ends fatally—attacked some black cattle belonging to the master of the house; some died, others became infected, and the customary cure produced by changing them to drier pasture failed. A wise woman was consulted, and the hag assured the credulous owner, that the mortality among his cows was occasioned by his retaining an unclean beast about his habitation—the harmless and amusing seal. It must be made away with directly, or the crippawn would continue, and her charms be unequal to avert the malady. The superstitious wretch consented to the hag's proposal; the seal was put on board a boat, carried out beyond Clare Island, and there committed to the deep, to manage for himself as he best could. The boat returned, the family retired to rest; and next morning a servant awakened her master to tell him that the seal was quietly sleeping in the oven.—'The poor animal overnight came back to his beloved home, crept through an open window, and took possession of his favorite resting-place. Next morning another cow was reported to be unwell. The seal must now be finally removed; a Galway fishing-boat was leaving Westport on her return home, and the master undertook to carry off the seal, and not put him overboard until he had gone leagues beyond Inis Boffin. It was done—a day and night passed: the second evening closed—the servant was raking the fire for the night—something scratched gently at the door—it was of course the house dog—she opened it, and in came the seal! Wearied with his long and unusual voyage, he testified by a peculiar cry, expressive of pleasure, his delight to find himself at home, then stretching himself before the glowing embers of the hearth he fell into a deep sleep. The master of the house was immediately apprised of this unexpected and unwelcome visit. In the exigency, the *beldame* was awakened and consulted; she averred that it was always unlucky to kill a seal, but suggested that the animal should be deprived of sight, and a third time carried out to sea. To this hellish proposition the besotted wretch who owned the house consented, and the affectionate and confiding creature was cruelly robbed of sight, on that hearth for which he had resigned his native element! Next morning, writhing in agony, the mutilated seal was embarled, taken outside Clare Island, and for the last time committed to the waves. A week passed over, and things became worse instead of better; the cattle of the truculent wretch died fast, and the infernal hag gave him the pleasurable tidings that her arts were useless, and that the destructive visitation upon his cattle exceeded her skill and cure. On the eighth night after the seal had been devoted to the Atlantic, it blew tremendously. In the pauses of the storm a wailing noise at times was faintly heard at the door; the servants, who slept in the kitchen, concluded that the *banshee* came to forewarn them of an approaching death, and buried their head in the bed-coverings. When morning broke, the door was opened; the seal was there lying dead upon the threshold!' "Stop, Julius!" I exclaimed, "give me a moment's time to curse all concerned in this barbarism." "Be patient, Frank," said my cousin, "the *finale* will probably save you that trouble. The skeleton of the once plump animal—for, poor beast, it perished from hunger, being incapacitated from blindness to procure its customary food—was buried in a sandhill, and from that moment misfortunes followed the abettors and perpetrators of this inhuman deed. The detestable hag, who had denounced the inoffensive seal, was, within a twelvemonth, hanged for murdering the illegitimate offspring of her own daughter.—Every thing about this devoted house melted away—sheep rotted, cattle died, "and blighted was the corn." Of several children, none reached maturity, and the savage proprietor survived every thing he loved or cared for. He died blind and miserable. There is not a stone of that accursed building standing upon another. The property has passed to a family of a different name; and the series of incessant calamity which pursued all concerned in this cruel deed is as romantic as true."

INTERESTING ANECDOTE.—The following interesting anecdote is well authenticated:—"Two Eagles, in the wildest parts of a neighboring county, had, for some time, depredated on the neighborhood, and bore away lambs, kids, &c. for the sustenance of their young. Some peasants determined, if possible, to obtain the young birds, and ascended the mountains, but found that the nest was in part of the perpendicular rock, near one hundred feet below the summit, and about 2 hundred above the sea, which, with terrific appearances, dashed against its base. They had provided themselves with ropes, and a lad, armed with a cimetar, was, by this means, lowered by the rest. He arrived in safety at the nest, where as he expected, he was attacked with infinite fury, by one of the old eagles, at which he made a stroke with his sword, that nearly cut asunder the rope by which he was suspended. Fortunately, one strand of it remained. He described his state to his comrades, waiting in horrible expectation, that the division of the cord would precipitate him to the bottom: but though he might have been left to die by a rope, it was not in this manner: he was cautiously and safely hauled up, when it was found that his hair, which, a quarter of an hour before, had been of a dark brown, had, in that short period, become perfectly white!—*Wild Sports of the West.*

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S DOG.—In the last note to the last published volume of the Waverly Novels, in illustration of the words, "The image of Beves lies carved at his master's feet, on the tomb which was erected to the memory of Sir Henry Lee, of Dichley," is related the following interesting anecdote: "It may interest some readers to know that Bevis, the gallant hound, one of the handsomest and most active of the ancient highland deer hounds, had its prototype in a dog called Maida, the gift of the late chief of Glengary to the author. A beautiful sketch of him was made by Edwin Landseer, and afterwards engraved. I cannot suppress the avowal of some personal vanity, when I mention that a friend, going through Munich, picked up a common snuff-box, such as are sold for one franc, on which was displayed the form of his veteran favorite, simply marked as "Der iebung hund Von Walter Scott." Mr. Landseer's painting is at Blair-Adam, the property of my venerable friend, the Right Hon. Lord Chief Commissioner Adam."

SUCCESSFUL FISHING.—While the newspapers teem with gratulations at the success of our enterprising seamen who pursue the whale as he gambols under an equatorial sun or amidst the polar ice, it is meet and proper we also should rejoice at the good fortune which has recently happened to two young men in the temperate region at Wareham. A few mornings since, as Messrs. Constant Besse and Oliver Smith, were travelling along the sea shore in the easterly part of the town, in pursuit of fowl, they discovered a number of Blackfish aground on a flat, and by dint of no small exertion they succeeded in taking seven of them; some of which were large, measuring from 20 to 27 feet in length. Having stripped them of the blubber, and transported it to the Narrows for the purpose of obtaining the oil by means of such simple try works as the place afforded, in four or five days from the first discovery of the fish, they found themselves in possession of about ten barrels of handsome clear oil worth something like 75 or 80 cents per gallon. What is better than all, this voyage costs them no expensive outfits, nor long absence from friends—nor the risks and perils of circumnavigating the globe to accomplish it. In five days from the commencement this oil is in market—they found it at home, where it was never suspected that any of the whale species would ever have the temerity to approach. Others were afterwards taken in the same little bay, and it is understood that ten or a dozen were also caught on the Sandwich side a day or two after. This may be called uncommon luck when oil of a good quality can be obtained at so cheap a rate, and that too without any of those dangers of encountering the leviathans of the deep in their own element which our bold and daring whalemen frequently experience.

WAREHAM.

[New-Bedford Gazette.]

LADY BYRON'S PORTRAIT.—There is a curious history appertaining to the portrait of Lady Byron, which is attracting so much attention just at present. The expression and general character of the face, might lead to the supposition that the likeness had been taken recently; but such is not the case.—The history of the portrait we believe to be as follows. The proprietors of the "Landscape Illustrations" of Lord Byron's works, were determined to have a portrait of Lady Byron, and they applied to her Ladyship for this purpose, but without success. They then applied to an artist to obtain one. 'Get one'—said they, (as the old man, on his death-bed, addressed his son, in reference to money)—'Get one—honestly, if you can—but get one.' And he fulfilled his bidding with an heroic defiance of 'vulgar prejudices,' that cannot be too much admired,—at least by illustrating booksellers who are in want of portraits that they cannot obtain by fair means. The King in Hamlet, when he would urge on the revenge of Laertes, for the death of his father by Hamlet's hand, says, in reply to his declaration that he would 'cut his throat i' th' church,'—'no place should murder sanctuarize.' And the 'light-fingered gentry' (of all professions) seem to be of the same opinion in relation to property. At any rate, the artist who was employed to 'procure a portrait of Lady Byron,' acted on this truly Spencean principle. He filched Lady Byron's effigy during church time, instead of her hankerchief; and having made it in some degree his own, by taking out the marks, and placing others there in their place, shewed it to the lady—or his employers did so for him—as a proof at once of his want of skill and of scruple; for it should seem that the portrait in question was either horribly like, or horribly unlike—no matter which, a portrait painter's art consisting in never falling into either of these errors. The consequence was natural:—

'One would not, sure, look frightful, when one's dead,'

much more when one is alive, and about to appear as an 'illustration of the greatest poet of the age. In a word, Lady Byron (in tenderness, doubtless, to her noble husband's taste and reputation) chose to appear in his works in her person, rather than in one which was neither her own nor anybody else's; and therefore she lent to her pertinacious persecutors the miniature from which the present plate is taken, and which miniature was, as we understand, painted somewhere about the period of her Ladyship's marriage with Lord Byron. This latter fact accounts for the extraordinary costume in which the portrait appears, and which seems to have raised so many gratuitous horrors in the mind of our romantic friend of the week before last. We are most happy, therefore, to take this opportunity of removing from a lady's reputation in dress the fatal imputation of 'dowdiness,' and flinging it upon the period in which she then lived; even though we are compelled to do so at the cost of adding a few years to the period of her age, as indicated by this portrait.

SCENE IN A PRINTING ROOM'—"What are you engaged in?" said the foreman in a newspaper establishment, to one of the compositors. "In an elopement." "Stop," said his interrogator, "I want you to take a share in a murder!"

A fellow recommending his beer observes:

"Composed of good things nutritious,
And its flavor is delicious.
When you're in want, have him in reference,
And give him a decided preference."

This almost equals Hackett's couplet.

"This here mill—it come by water,
A darn'd sight furder than it ought to.

RATS.—A learned society has proposed for its prize question this year, "What is the best means of destroying rats?" Unless the subject is political, one might have a chance for the premium in answering, "By encouraging the breed of cats."—LITERARY GAZETTE.

A six-foot Kentuckian not long since, was travelling in the interior of Pennsylvania, when he put up for the night at a Dutch tavern, where he was excessively annoyed by tormenters of human flesh and blood, which time out of mind have the peculiar denizens of unclean beds. In the morning when the rest of his fellow passengers had paid their fare, our Kentuckian stepped to the landlord and in a voice of thunder inquired the price of beef in that vicinity.

"De price of beef?" responded the half-frightened and half wonderstruck tavern keeper.

"Yes, what is beef a pound in your village?"

"Why tish, let me see—tish sixpence de pound."

"Here then," said the Kentuckian, "take that," at the same time throwing down on the counter a silver dollar.

"Dat, and vat ish dat for Mynheer six-footer?"

"Half of it is for my bed and board—and half to purchase beef!"

"Beef for vat?"

"For the d——d hungry bugs in your beds—they came nigh eating me up alive—look here—and there—and here" said he, at the same time showing the bites and marks of blood on his face, arms and legs."

"Do you mean to insinuate that my beds are buggy?" said the landlord, stepping round in a great passion.

"Buggy! to be sure I do—and that you are but one door off from being a murderer—had it been a thin consumptive fellow that had slept where I did last night, instead of me, he would have been a dead man before morning—and to guard against such a catastrophe, I make a present to you of that money—buy beef with it and feed your bugs every night before putting any body into your beds."

The Dutchman was forced to submit to the joke—the Kentuckian all the while looking fiercely at him in the face and keeping as cool and determined as if it was a cause of life and death.

NOTES BY THE WAY-SIDE.—"And whence has 'New-Hampshire' its derivation?" We asked the antiquary.

He hesitated a moment;

"I will tell you," said he.

"When the colony of the pilgrims had pushed the spoliations of culture farther into the interior, and lopped off more of the natural luxuriant redundancies of the new world; when colonies were sent out to pitch their log houses in the wilderness of woods, one among the number became very short of provisions, and it was feared the whole would die of starvation. They called loudly on the mother colony for assistance. This was not refused, but in consequence of an unusual drought, the scarcity had been general.—That venturous spirit, which is a characteristic of the genuine yankee, induced many to turn speculators. In whatever direction you cast your eye, "the broad and staring capitals" NEW HAMS HERE, met its vision. And from many a soft and cherry cheeked lassie, did the then enchanting sound proceed of "new hams here,"—"new hams here." Every person who was not in absolute necessity, and could shoulder a ham, hung out his sign and turned pork merchant. And I have now given you as far as I could collect, the origin of the appellation of the New-England State, New-Hampshire."

From the Providence Patriot.

PRINTING OFFICE MELODIES.

THE PRESSMAN.

Pull up, my boys, turn quick the rounce,
And let the work begin;
The world is pressing on without,
And we must *press* within—
And we who guide the public mind,
Have influence far and wide,
And all our deeds are good although
The *devil's* at our side.

Let fly the frisket now my boys!
Who are more proud than we—
While wait the anxious crowd without,
The force of *power* to see;
So pull away—none are so great,
As they who run the *car:*
And who have dignity like those
Who practise at the *bar?*

And you who twirl the *roller* there
Be quick, you inky man;
Old time is *rolling* on himself,
So beat him if you can:
Be careful of the *light* and *shade*,
Nor let the sheet grow pale;
Be careful of the *minion* looks
Of every *head* and *tail.*

Though *high* in *office* is our *stand*,
And *pi*-ous is our *case*,
We would not cast a *slur* on those,
Who fill our lower place;
The gaping world is fed by us,
Who retain knowledge here;
By feeling that we *feed* ourselves,
Nor deem our fare too dear.

Pull up, my boys, turn quick the rounce,
And thus the *chase* we'll join;
We have deposits in the *bank*,
Our drawers are full of *coin*;
And who should more genteelly cut
A *figure* or a *dash?*
Yet sometimes we who *press* so much,
Ourselves are *pressed* for cash.

SCHOOLBOY QUESTIONS.—Three boys at school learning their catechism, the one asked the other how far he had got? to which he answered, 'I'm at a state of sin and misery.' He then asked another what length he was? to which he replied, 'I'm just at effectual calling!' They were both anxious, of course, to learn how far he was himself, and having asked him, he answered 'past redemption.'

TRAVELLING ON FOOTE.—There being a law suit between Mr. Foote and Mr. Ross, respecting the Edinburgh theatre, let by the latter to the former, which came by appeal before the House of Lords, the matter was terminated in favor of Mr. Ross, and Foote was saddled with the costs. When he had paid the bill to Mr. Walter Ross, Ross's Scotch solicitor, he said to him, 'Now, Walter, when do you go to Scotland?' 'Tomorrow?' 'And how do you travel? I suppose, like the rest of your countrymen, you will do it in the most economical manner.' 'Yes,' replied he, 'I shall travel on *Foote.*'

The author of Waverly was a public speaker, 'graceful, fluent, and easy.' When composing his novels, he generally finished 16 pages a day, and there were very few alterations necessary. "He was very distrustful of his own talents, and was more humbled, says a writer of the Edinburgh Courant, by a sense of his deficiencies, than gratified by what he actually performed.

BRIEF DISCUSSION.—When Pitt proposed to King George III, that his tutor, Bishop Tomline, should be raised to the See of Lincoln, the following dialogue took place;—"Too young, Pitt, too young—can't have it, Pitt, can't have it."—"Had it not been for him, sire, I should never have been in your service." "Shall have it, Pitt, shall have it."

ON THE ROYAL COUPLE.

The Queen, 'tis evident as anything,
Is TWICE as good a sailor as the King
Because, as sure as John sign'd Magna Charta,
Bill's but a TAR, while Adelaide's a TAR-TAR (Tarter)—*London paper.*

From the Liverpool Albion.

AWFUL AND DESTRUCTIVE STORM.—On Monday last a storm suddenly swept over this town and port, which injured several buildings, wrecked several ships, and destroyed a number of valuable lives.

The only vessel that did not return to port was the William Neilson. She had got a good offing before the hurricane came on, and it was hoped that she would, by keeping to the northward, weather the storm. Its violence was, however, too great for her to contend against. She was driven back towards the Banks, on which she struck during the afternoon. She was observed in a state of great peril, with a signal of distress flying, by one of the Glasgow steam packets, which was prevented from rendering assistance by the imminency of the peril in which she herself was involved. The unfortunate ship struck on the edge of the Bank, near to Formby Channel. How long she stuck together will never be known, all hands on board having perished. It is probable, however, that she did not remain together long, and that she broke up before night set in. Next morning at daybreak, part of her was washed up on the North Shore. Her letter-bag was found on the strand near Bootle. When opened, the bag was found to have been stuffed with chaff, which Captain Platt, who knew it contained letters of importance belonging to his owners, is supposed to have put in to render it buoyant. So much presence of mind had the unfortunate man when certain and instant death stared him in the face! Fragments of wreck and packages of goods covered the shore, while several articles were picked up floating in the river and in the basins. The southeast corner of the Prince's Dock basin, besides several large spars belonging to the unfortunate ship, was filled with innumerable fragments of wreck, which, by the action of the wind and waves, had been rendered so minute that they might have been made so by the skill of the carpenter. The sight was truly melancholy. The owner identified several panels as those which had belonged to the ill-fated ship. Besides the captain and crew, all of whom have perished, there were on board the Wm. Neilson three passengers, viz. Mr. Somerville and his daughters. Mr. S. was an Englishman by birth, but had, for many years, been attached to the theatrical profession in the United States. His daughters, whom were both under twenty years of age, had been educated in England, and he had come hither for the purpose of conveying them to New Orleans. Alas! the hapless father and his poor children were doomed to perish in a few hours after leaving a port which they had left in the fulness of hope and confidence. It is worthy of remark that Mr. Somerville, after putting his luggage and theatrical dresses on board the David Cannon, for New-Orleans, was left behind by that vessel, which sailed twelve days ago. The Wm. Neilson was the first ship destined for the same port, and in her he and his children unfortunately embarked. Not less than twenty-six persons, it is estimated, perished by the wreck of this vessel. It is supposed, that there was on board a young boy who had taken a fancy to the sea, and ran away from his parents in the neighborhood of Oldhall street. From the inquiries of his friends, and from some hints which he threw out to one of his playmates before he disappeared, it is believed that he must have concealed himself in the vessel, with the intention of not discovering himself to the captain until out at sea.

NAPOLEON'S MOTHER.—Her will is the subject of conversations in all societies in Rome. The following are the most remarkable bequests which have transpired:—

"A legacy of 50,000 piastres to the mother of the Duke of Reichstadt.

"100,000 piastres to each of her sons and daughters.

"A very considerable legacy for a pious and religious establishment at Rome, under the direction of the testamentary executors.

"The Monte de Piete, of Rome, to be the receptacle at the time of Madame Letitia's death of her diamonds and other valuable effects, which are valued at least at ten millions of Roman piastres.

"A legacy in money or jewels, to the amount of 10,000 sequins, at the choice of the testamentary executors.

All the remainder of her property, in furniture, income, plate, diamonds, jewellery, pictures, and precious effects of all kinds, is willed to the eldest, or *fidei commis*, of the possessor or tenant, who must be the direct male descendant from Napoleon. If there should be two sons of the same age in this line, coming from father to son, both will become tenants or possessors of the majority, which is to remain in the family of Napoleon, until the extinction of the descendants of the different brothers.

"In case of the entire extinction of the male line of Napoleon, (the children of the daughters being excluded,) the property—valued, all expenses and legacies being deducted, at 15,000,000 of Roman piastres (about three millions sterling)—will become the exclusive property of the capital of Corsica, with the reservation of the legacy of 50,000 piastres for the boys born of the female line of Napoleon.

The Cardinal Fesch, brother of Madame Letitia, the Cardinal of Rome, and Torlonia, the banker, have been appointed testamentary executors.

"The body of Madame Letitia is directed to be transported from Rome to Ajaccio, where her sons are to erect a monument, bearing this inscription—"To the mother of Napoleon."

A legacy of thirty thousand piastres is given to the national church of St. Louis of the French, for the perpetual celebration, by the dignitaries of the Church, of a Mass to be sung daily, and a solemn service for the anniversary of the deaths of the Emperor Napoleon and Madame Letitia.

The day her mortal remains will be taken from Rome to be conducted to Ajaccio, donations are to be given to the poor; the 22 Curates of this town are each to have 100 piastres for this purpose. Madame Letitia has desired, in her will, her sons, and Cardinal Fesch, who possesses an immense fortune, and the most rare collection of pictures, to make their testamentary dispositions in favor of the direct line mentioned in her will, in order that the name of Napoleon may shine at the head of their family, and retain the remembrance of their former greatness.

Mrs. Henry Williams, widow of the late Mr. Henry Williams' whose anatomical delineations of the human frame were so highly prized by his profession, has succeeded in taking an admirable mask from the face of Dr. Spurzheim, from which she has made several very perfect casts. The admirers of the learned and lamented Doctor, will be gratified by examing them. Mrs. Williams has a few of them on sale, and we commend her labors to the patronage of the scientific public.

WARD'S VEGETABLE HAIR OIL,

FOR the restoration of Hair on bald heads, giving health and beauty to the hair when it becomes dry and begins to decay. The Vegetable Oil possesses the peculiar property, so long sought for in other oils, but sought in vain, of reproducing a new growth of hair on heads totally bald. So great are its nourishing properties, which it readily imparts to the roots of the hair, that it requires but a short time to produce a new growth, and few applications to check the falling off of the hair which so often occurs, especially in sickness. It prevents the hair from turning gray, and when it begins to turn, may be easily checked and restored to its natural beauty, by applying the Oil. This Oil gives an agreeable fragrance, and is preferable to any other for perfuming, curling and glossing the hair. The hair does not become dry after using it. The growth of hair on children is wonderfully improved by the use of the Oil. For sale, wholesale and retail, by

WM. A. TYLER,
88 *Barclay, cor. Washington-st.*

N. B. Any person doubting the utility of *Ward's Vegetable Hair Oil*, can be convinced that it has produced a new growth of hair in repeated instances, by calling on the vender at the place above mentioned.

The Oil needs no high wrought description such is its worth, and so highly is it valued by those who have made trial of it, that it stands and will stand upon its own merits unrivalled.

JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

SAVANNAH, GA.

Over the Bonadventure Course.

THE following Jockey Club Purses will be run for over the above Course, under the exclusive control and direction of the Stewards and Officers of the Club, commencing on the last Wednesday, (the 30th) of January, 1833, being the annual meeting of the Club, and will continue four days. Free for any mare, horse or gelding in the U. States.

First Day,—Four mile heats, for a purse of 700 dollars.

Second Day—Three mile heats, for a purse of 500 dollars.

Third Day—Two mile heats, for a purse of 300 dollars.

Fourth Day.—Mile heats, the best 3 in 5,—handicap, purse, 200 dollars.

Weights, &c. according to the rules of the Savannah Jockey Club.

A Sweepstake for Colts, two years old, (reckoning from May-day)—2 mile heats—entrance $200 p. p. will be run for the day preceding the regular races, (Jan. 29.) Entries to be made with the Secretary any time before the 1st of December next, at which time the Book will be closed.

A Colt is already entered.

RICHARD D. ARNOLD, *Sec'y.*

JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

WAYNESBOROUGH, GEO.

WILL commence on Tuesday, 11th of December next and continue four days.

First Day.—Three mile heats for a purse worth $300

Second Day—Two mile heats for 250

Third Day—Mile heats three best in five for a handicap purse worth 200

The above free for any horse.

Fourth Day.—Mile heats, free only for horses foaled in Burke county, for a purse worth from $100 to $150

☞ Editors friendly to sport of this kind, will please republish the above.

TO BOOKSELLERS.

JUST published, the *Treasury of Knowledge and Library of Reference*, containing

PART I. A compendious English grammar, English verbal distinctions, with occasional illustrations; A list of abbreviations, with their explanations; Proverbs, terms and phrases, in the Latin, Spanish, French and Italian languages, translated; Scripture proper names, accented for pronunciation; Christian names of men and women, a new and enlarged Dictionary of the English language; maxims and proverbs.

PART II. Universal Gazetteer; Balbi's population table of the world; Census of the United States by counties for 1830; number of Representatives and Electors of each state and territory of the United States; aggregate of each description of persons in each state of the U. States; number of Indians in the different states and territories of the United States; population of the West India Islands; Marmocci's population of China by provinces. Census of Great Britain and Ireland by counties, for the years 1821 and 1832; Census of France by departments, for the years 1827 and 1832; Comparative view of cities and towns in the United States whose population exceeds 5000, for the years 1820 and 1830; Seats of government of the several states and territories in the United States; Religious denominations of the United States; Population of several important towns and villages in the United States, under 5000 inhabitants. Population of the principal cities and towns in Europe; Height of the principal mountains in the world; Length of the principal rail roads (finished or in progress) in the United States; Size of the principal lakes in the world; Comparative view of the principal rivers in the world, Post roads and distances in the U. States; Commerce of the United States in 1831; Comparative view of the registered, licensed and enrolled tonnage of the United States, from 1815 to 1830, inclusive; Navigation of the U. States in 1831; Amount of tonnage, number of vessels and seamen of each state and territory in the United States, for 1830; Merchandise imported and exported in each state and territory for 1831; Statement of the quantity of cotton wool imported into Great Britain for ten years, from 1821 to 1830 inclusive, and from what country imported; Value of exports of the growth, produce, and manufacture of the United States in 1831; Comparative view of the amount of imports and exports of the United States from 1822 to 1831, inclusive; Value of goods, wares and merchandize, imported into the United States for 1831; Colleges in the United States; Medical schools in the U. States.

PART III. An epitome of CHRONOLOGY and HISTORY; An Appendix, containing a succinct account of the history of the United States; Declaration of independence; Biographical sketches of the lives of the signers of the declaration of independence; Articles of confederation, constitution of the United States. Washington's farewell address; A compendium classical dictionary; Dictionary of law terms, &c. &c. in one closely printed 12mo volume of 1088 pp. For sale to the trade only, by

JAMES CONNER,
Corner of Ann & Nassau streets.

Money Saved.

MANY patrons complain of the return postage to obviate this expence all those who wish it, I will send a certificate (of the original tickets or Shares ordered,) on the sheet containing my letter The Tickets or Shares of which Certificates are sent, will be sealed up and lodged for security in the bank. I have adopted this mode of late with many who feel perfectly satisfied but in no instance is it done without express orders.

S. J. SYLVESTER, 130, Broadway.

S. J. SYLVESTER respectfully notifies his friends and customers, particularly Booksellers and Peddlers, that he has leased the splendid stores on the corner of Fourth and Wood streets, Pittsburgh, formerly occupied by S. P. Darlington, Esq. where he will at all times have for sale an extensive assortment of BOOKS at *Eastern Prices.*

Now on hand an extensive collection of Theological, Medical, Miscellaneous and School Books.—Blank Books in every variety. Playing Cards at manufacturer's prices. Paper Hangings, Writing and Wrapping paper.

MAPS of the United States, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Maryland, Kentucky, Tennessee, &c. for sale at low prices.

ENGRAVINGS.—Just received 5 Cases of French and English Engravings, forming a complete assortment.

Also CAPS, by the Case, Dozen, or Single.
Pittsburgh, Oct. 1832.

WATCHES AND WATCH MATERIALS

A Gentleman many years connected with the Watch Trade, residing constantly in Liverpool, and allowed to be a first judge, will forward any description of Watches, Clocks, and materials. He merely charges a small commission on the prime cost of the articles. Any orders left with me will be sent to Liverpool, and should the goods on arrival not be found cheap and good, I will guarrantee to refund the money. This is well worthy the attention of the Trade in general.

S. J. SYLVESTER, 130, Broadway.

To Lottery Adventurers.

S. J. SYLVESTER Licensed Vender, 130 Broadway, N. Y. 33 Market St. Baltimore, Md. & 16 Exchange Buildings Pittsburgh, Pa.

☞ All orders for tickets in Yates & McIntyre's Lotteries (none others are sold by Sylvester) must be addressed as above.

S. J. SYLVESTER respectfully informs his friends he has no connection with any other person. All tickets sold at any of Sylvester's offices are the original, and the prizes will be paid at any of them, or by the manager's agents throughout the United States.

Reference, Yates & McIntyre.

J. DOUGLAS,

AT HIS OFFICE,

No. 35, WALL STREET,

Executes every description of

PRINTING

WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH

CAUTION.

L. MORANGE & DAVIS having been appointed agents by the proprietor for

The Casket.

"A nosegay of culled flowers, with nothing of ourown but the thread that ties them."

We take pleasure in presenting to our readers the following exquisite lines from the pen of Miss Kemble, not merely for their beauty, but in testimony of that admiration which we have so frequently expressed for this gifted lady. We admire this Autumn sketch the more, because the subject was so naturally suggested to her mind from actually contemplating the rich scenery of our country, which to the eye of a poetess was truly calculated to excite the imagination and awaken the teeming fancy. Its sweetness and easy flow will captivate the critic, and its touching pathos when alluding to her "Home," will elicit the sympathy of every feeling heart.

AUTUMN.

Written after a ride by the Schuylkill, in October.

BY MISS FANNY KEMBLE.

Thou comest not in sober guise,
In mellow cloak in russet clad—
Thine are no melancholy skies,
Nor hueless flowers, pale and sad;
But, like an emperor, triumphing,
With gorgeous robes of Tyrian dyes,
Full flush of fragrant blossoming,
And glow of purple ecinopies.
How call ye this the season's fall,
That seems the pageant of the year?
Richer and brighter far than all
The pomp that spring and summer wear,
Red falls the westering light of day
On rock and stream and winding shore,
Soft woody banks and granite grey
With amber clouds are curtained o'er;
The wide clear waters sleeping lie
Beneath the evening's wings of gold,
And on their glassy breast the sky
And banks their mingled hues unfold.
Far in the tangled woods, the ground
Is strown with fallen leaves, that lie
Like crimson carpets all around
Beneath a crimson canopy.
The sloping sun with arrows bright
Pierces the forest's waving maze;
The universe seems wrapt in light,
A floating robe of rosy haze.
Oh, Autumn! thou art here a king—
And round thy throne the smiling hours
A thousand fragrant tributes bring,
Of golden fruits and blushing flowers.

Oh! not upon thy fading fields and fells
In such rich garb doth Autumn come to thee,
My home!—but o'er thy mountains and thy dells
His footsteps fall slowly and solemnly,
Nor flower nor bud remaineth there to him,
Save the faint breathing rose, that, round the year,
Its crimson buds and pale soft blossoms dim,
In lowly beauty constantly doth wear.
O'er yellow stubble lands in mantle brown
He wanders through the wan October light:
Still as he goeth, slowly stripping down
The garlands green that were the spring's delight.
At morn and eve thin silver vapor's rise
Around his path: but sometimes at mid day
He looks along the hills with gentle eyes,
That makes the sallow woods and fields seem gay.
Yet something of sad sov'reignty he hath—
A sceptre crown'd with berries ruby red,
And the cold sobbing wind bestrews his path
With wither'd leaves, that rustle 'neath his tread;
And round him still, in melancholy state,
Sweet solemn thoughts of death and of decay,
In slow and hush'd attendance, ever wait,
Telling how all things fair must pass away.

Shortly after Cooke arrived in America he was one evening in company with a number of actors whom he bored outrageously. "Mr. H." said he, "what do you know of the stage? You are no actor—although the applause you receive from these yankee-doodles makes you think yourself one." From the wo-begone appearance of the young Thespian, the tragedian thought he had proceeded too far; and, endeavoring to heal the wound he had inflicted, rose with tears in his eyes and observed, "what I said, my dear fellow, was in jest; I hold your professional talents in high estimation, and now freely make the acknowledgment." H. burst out in a loud laugh and exclaimed, "you old quiz, will you again say I am *no actor?*"—*N. Y. Mirror.*

Sacrilegious Theft!—It is with feelings of the most inconceivable horror we have to announce to the public, that a man, named Paddy Eustace, stole a waistcoat, on Monday last, from the Lord Bishop of Kildare—that humane and exemplary Prelate who charitably confers upon the poor of his diocese the best of new milk for *two pence a quart!* Paddy Eustace's only excuse for taking the waistcoat is, that he wanted a coat and breeches, and considered one waistcoat of the Bishop's large enough to suit him with both articles. He was also anxious, when he should meet the worthy divine in his new clothes, in true Scripture phrase, to be able to say to him —"I was naked, and *you* clothed me."

Military Duty.—A yankee being warned to do military duty, requested the captain to excuse him. The officer told him that he might state the case to the company and if they would vote in the affirmative, he should be excused. He accordingly made the following address.—"Fellow soldiers, I am rather hard of hearing, and don't always understand the word of command. Besides, at the age of sixteen I was drafted to go into the army, but my father went in my room, and never got home. Now, if I had gone myself, and got killed, I should got clear of military duty to all eternity." He was excused by acclamation.

A genuine Jonathan who had been *paying attention* to Farmer C——'s daughter Sally, invited his dearly beloved to ride to the store with with him. They arrived, and after looking at the pretty things, said Jock, "Mr. —— draw me a glass of gin and sweeten it well with molasses." It was done and Jonathan swallowed it at a draught, then, smacking his lips, he turned round and thus addressed his dearly beloved, "*I say, Sal, that was darn'd good, why dont you buy a glass for yourself?*"

We would advise Mrs. Trollope to give the above a place in the next edition of her *domestic manners.—N. H. Spectator.*

A fortune-teller was arrested in Paris, and carried before the tribunal of correctional police. 'You know how to read fortunes?' said the president, a man of great wit, but rather too fond of a joke for a magistrate. 'I do sir,' replied the sorcerer.—'In this case,' said the president, 'you know the judgment we intend to pronounce.'—'Well, what will happen to you?'—'Nothing.'—'You are sure of that?'—'Yes; you will acquit me.'—'Acquit you?'—'There is no doubt of it.'—'Why?'—'Because, sir, if it had been your intention to condemn me, you would not have added irony to misfortune.' The president, disconcerted, turned to his brother judges, and the sorcerer was discharged.

The first thing printed in New-England was the Freeman's Oath, the second an Almanac, and the third a version of the Psalms. This was in the year 1636. The first windmill erected in New-England was located near Watertown, but was in the year 1632, (200 years ago) removed to Boston.

Fortune depends entirely on external causes; but happiness depends almost entirely on ourselves. Its principal ingredients are a manly mind, an affectionate heart, and a temperance of imagination. The first has the power of disarming affliction; the second of doubling every enjoyment; while the last guards us from wild wishes and inconsistent expectations.

An Irish lady who having frequent calls from a 'son of Erin,' being asked if she had not had a beau, replied that she 'had beaux enough, but divil an arrow had they at all at all.'

EDINBURGH POLICE OFFICE.

An Extraordinary Hat Merchant.—On Monday Barney Flinn was charged with interrupting passengers in the Cowgate. As he stood at the bar, Barney's whole toggery was not worth sixpence, particularly his small clothes, which required the immediate aid of a gentleman's fashioner.

Magistrate—You are a fine figure? Don't you think shame of yourself?

Barney—Och, your honor, it's long since that left me. It was your unmanly police that tore me so.

Magistrate—Was you drunk last night?

Barney—No, your honor, I had only two quarterns the whole blessed day.

Magistrate—Of whiskey?

Barney—To be sure, your honor.

Magistrate—A pretty dose. No wonder the cholera is raging so much.

No. I. Patrole, declared that Barney went up to a shearer, and without ceremony knocked off his hat, saying, "you have a shocking bad hat, man," at the same time putting one of two he had in his hand on Saunder's head, with "now, sir, you look like a gentleman, all for the small charge of sixpence, your old castor in return." Saunders wished to get away, but Barney kept close to him bawling out to every one, "you have a shocking bad hat, sir; I say, sir, you have got a shocking bad hat." A great assemblage was collected, to the great annoyance of the public.

In Irish scavenger, newly imported, was next examined.

Superintendent—What do you kuow of this case?

Pat—Sure, why, and I never saw such a hatter in all my life. This here chap, Barney, the hat broker, bit of my topper, and put one of his own on my head; and give it such a knock that it came over my eyes, your honor, and, as your honor sees, nearly cut off my nose; and then he swore that I now looked like a true Hibernian.

Superintendent—Had the hat a crown?

Pat—Why, your honor's worship, it could not be a hat at all, at all, if it wanted a crown.

Barney—Och, say now, was it not yourself that made the crowd? Had you tipt me the ciss (sixpence) and had not swore that you would give me a fistful into my chatterbox, it would have been all as sweet as a new boiled murphy, with a bit of point, you see.

Pat—Och, be asy now, you cunning fellow. Arrah, you knocked off my head, and offered me another for twopence of boot, because mine was not worth a ha'penny? Och, now, no more of your blearney. I'm up to you Barney.

Superintendent—This will not do, Barney.

Barney—Han't a man a right to sell his goods the best he can?

Magistrate—You have no right, sir, to stop people going along the streets.

Barney—Why, an' please your honor's worship, when I see a man with a shocking bad hat, it's my call to tell him I have a better; and how could I sell my hats unless I try them on the fellows' heads?

Magistrate—I should wish to be excused from having such a fitter, and have a good mind to fine you: but you seem to be a stupid fellow, and I will discharge you on your promise to behave better in future.

"God bless your honor," said Barney, and walked off.

VALUABLE OPPORTUNITY

To Literary Men.

THE Proprietor of the *SATURDAY BULLETIN*, an old and highly respectable Weekly Newspaper, published in Philadelphia, offers his establishment for sale. The subscription list is large, numbering between six and seven thousand names, which the proprietor has it in his power to increase 1500 more at any time he may see proper. This establishment offers to an active and intelligent man, or two such, a most desirable opportunity of investing a small capital in a highly advantageous manner. The reputation of the Bulletin is unsurpassed by any similar publication in Philadelphia: it is neutral in politics: nearly half its whole circulation is in the city itself, and its country subscribers are mostly grouped up in small packages within a day's ride of the city, while the whole list is made up of the best class of readers—those who pay. The list is continually increasing; and from the commanding station the paper occupies, being published in a city celebrated for the excellency of its weekly papers, the list of patrons could be doubled in three years, by one who, unlike the proprietor, has neither misfortune nor ill health to contend against.

Arrangements can be made by a purchaser to procure the printing done in a much less expensive way than at present, so that an annual profit of about $5000 could be depended on with certainty—while that profit must increase with an increase of patronage. The particulars of this, with numerous other details, will be stated to applicants. The price of the establishment will be low, and it will be sold on highly accommodating terms: after the payment of a portion in cash, a term o years will be given, as long as may be desired, to pay off the remainder. The subscriber will cheerfully furnish any information on the subject. The first of January would be a desirable time for a purchaser to take possession.

EDMUND MORRIS.
Philadelphia, Nov. 1832. n 17

THE KNICKERBOCKER,
OR
NEW-YORK MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

PROSPECTUS.—Peabody & Co. propose commencing at an early day the publication in this city, of a *Monthly Magazine*. The work when fairly established will consist of *Tales, Reviews and Essays, with notices of the Arts, Viewsof Society at home and abroad; Comments on the Fashions and temper of the times, Gleanings from the least accessible of foreign publications, and the earliest On-dits in literary, sporting, and fashionable circles.* But above all to reflect life and literature as displayed in this *Metropolis*, shall be the principal object of

The Knickerbocker, or
New-York Monthly Magazine.

☞ Each number will contain twenty four quarto pages of letter press, printed with an entirely new and beautiful type, procured expressly for the work. The *paper*, of the finest American manufacture, will be of the same quality with that used in the *Annuals*, and stitched in an elegant tinted cover. The greatest attention in short will be paid to its typographical appearance, while superior *Engravings* will from time to time ornament and enrich the publication.

☞ *Terms of Subscription*, Four Dollars per annum, payable on the delivery of the fourth number.

Should the complexion of their subscription list barely enable the publishers to commence the Magazine, the contents of the earlier numbers will be one half original and the remainder selected; but should the publication meet with the success that is anticipated, it will gradually assume an entirely original character. The publishers being prepared, if met in their designs by the public, to enlist the acknowledged talent in the country, and call out latent ability, at an expenditure hitherto unpractised on this side of the Atlantic. They must meet with countenance themselves, however, before they can venture to bestow patronage, though perfectly content that *all* the profits of the work shall go to improve its character. In the meantime, without mentioning the names of the able contributors who have courteously pledged their aid, they feel warranted in stating that arrangements have been made, which will enable them to commence their undertaking, under *literary auspices the most favorable.*

PEABODY & CO.
219 Broadway, New-York.

Miscellaneous.

IMPORTED HORSES
HEDGFORD & AUTOCRAT.

HEDGFORD *Full Brother to Birmingham.* Pedigree.—He was bred by Mr. Mytton, in 1826, got by Filho da Puta—his Dam Miss Craigie, bred by Major Bower, in 1811, by Orville, her Dam Marchioness by Lurcher, Grandam Miss Cognolen, by Phenomenon—Young Marsk, Sylvia, &c. &.

He is a beautiful Dark Brown, with black legs, having no white marks except a beautiful Star in the Forehead—he is 16 1-2 hands high, and for symmetry and muscular strength, not surpassed by any Horse.

Performances.—In 1828 he won the Maiden Plate at Chester, beating Joceline and three other favorite Horses—the Gold Cup and a Sweepstakes at Nottingham. In 1829, the Members Plate at Chester. In 1830, the Cheshire Stakes of 25 Sovereigns each, 15 Subscribers—a stake of 10 Sovereigns each, with 40 added, 8 subscribers, and a £50 Plate at Wrexham. Among the numerous Horses whioh he beat are the following: Scarborough, Camellia, Silverlock, Strephon, the Marshall, Nimrod, Mermaid, Stapely, Master Henry, Ultimatum, Fortitude, Naverino, Courtier, Sandoval, Hazard, Sprig, Effie, Rolla, and Lady Bird—all Crack-Horses of the day.

Filho da Puta, (the Sire of Hedgford,) was got by Haphazard—his dam, Mrs. Barnet, by Waxy; Grandam by Woodpecker; Great Grandam Heinal, by Squirrel—Principessa by Blank, &c. &c.

Filho da Puta, won the great Doncaster St. Ledger, in 1815—Orville, the Sire of Hedgford's dam, won the St. Ledger, in 1802, and Birmingham, full brother to Hedgford, won the St Ledger in 1830.

Birmingham's winnings, exclusive of the St. Ledger, has been greater than any other 5 year old of the same day. Gentlemen who will take the trouble to examine the Racing Calender and Stud Book, will find that he is descended from a family of stout and true Runners, which will appear by the following brief sketch of the Performance of a few of Filho da Puta's get—viz, in 1823 ten were winners—in 1824, twenty werewinners—in 1825, 17 do.—in 1826, 20 do.—in 1827, 22 do.—in 1828, 34 do.—in 1829, 28 do.—in 1830, 31 do.—in 1831, 27 do.—which gives to him the reputation of being the sire of more winning horses up to that date than any other Stallion in England can boast of having produced in the same length of time—among them may be noted Sherwood, The Agent, Fille de Joi, Pellatine, Alecta, Escape, Fair Rosaline, Hajji Baba, Miller of Mansfield, Orthodox, Arachne, Dr. Faustus, Elephanta, Hexgrave, Maid of Mansfield, Forrester Lass, Harriet, Sangredo, His Grace, Astonishment, Betsy Bedlam, Charnwood, Columbia, Jocko, Father Long Legs, Elegance, Frederick, Grimalkin, Lambtonian, Merry Trix, Talma, Orthodox, Independence, Abel, Gallopade, His Highness, Soipio, Sir Thomas, &c.—His winners amount to upwards of two hundred and forty.

The magnificent Grey Horse
AUTOCRAT.

Bred by the Earl of Derby, in 1822—16 1-2 *Hands high—of great substance and Muscular form.*

Pedigree.—He was got by Grand Duke; his dam Olivetta, by Sir Oliver; Grandam Scotinia, by Delphina; her dam Scota, by Eclipse, Herod, &c. &c.

Grand Duke, was a well known racer, bred by Sir T. M. Stanley, and got by Arch Duke, out of Hand Maid, by John Bull. Arch Duke was bred by Sir F. Standish, and got by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Horatio, sister to Achilles, bred by the Duke of Bolton, and got by Eclipse out of Delphini's dam by Blank. Sir Peter won the Derby stakes at Epsom, in 1787—and Arch Duke in 1796—his pedigree is unrivalled.

Performances.—Autocrat, when 3 years old, in 1825, at Chester, won the Dee stakes, beating Sir T. M. Stanley's Doctor Faustus, and 4 others—the same week, at Chester, he won the Palatine stakes, beating Mr. Houldsworth's Androgeus, &c. At Litchfield, he won the Staffordshire stakes, beating Gen. Grosvenor's Wings, who won the Gold Cup, and Oak stakes, at Epsom, the same year. In 1826, Autocrat won two £270 Plates as Newton—the Peover Stakes at Knutsford—the Kings Plate at Litchfield—and the same year, ran second to that well known racer "Lottery," for the Gold Cup at Preston, beating Signorina, Brutendorf, &c. Many of the above races were heats; among others of note, that for the King's Plate at Litchfield, 4 miles, carrying the heavy English Weight imposed upon Plate horses.

Among the various horses of note which Autocrat beat, are the following:—Dr. Faustus, Ludford, Escape, Androgeus, Wings, Achilles, Cymbeline, Signorina, Toss, Young Castrell, Predictor, Grenadier, Sir Roger, Alecto, Euphrates, Brutendorf, Rinaldo, Invalid, Whittington, Miss Forrester, Ambo, Anti Radical, &c. all first rate runners of their day.

Hedgford & Autocrat were both exhibited at the Union Course, on Long Island, during the late Races, and pronounced by good Judges, to be the best horses imported for many years past.

The above horses (Hedgford and Autocrat) were imported by the subscriber, in the ship Washington, Capt. Thompson, and landed at New-York, on the 8th of Sept. last. One or both of which will be sold, or farmed out for the approaching season, upon reasonable terms, if early application is made to

WM. JACKSON.
New-York, Nov. 3. No. 7 Park Row.

☞ A fine Durham Bull, a Cow and Bull Calf, of the short-horned Breed, imported at the same time, are also offered for sale. Apply as above.

MILITARY & SPORTING WAREHOUSE
J. P. Moore, 208 *Broadway*

Nearly opposite St. Pauls Church.

HAS constantly on hand and offers for sale on accommodating terms, Wholsale or Retail, Swords, Sword-Belts, Epaulettes, Sashes, Wings, Laces, Cords, Tassels, Spurs &c. &c with every article suitable for Officers, Privates and Musicians.

Navy.

Navy Swords, Dirks, Belts, Buttons, &c. &c.

For Sportsmen.

The finest and best assortment of Double and Single barrel guns for Fowling and Duck shooting—Duelling, Travelling and Pocket pistols, also a general assortment of Gun locks, Mountings, &c. Powder Flasks, Shot Belts, Game bags, &c. Percussion powder and pills, of all sizes and fine quality, Caps of all kinds and Warranted not to cut in the eye.

Rifles.

A complete assortment for the Southern and Western Markets, by the Case Dozen or Single one.

Fishing Tackle.

A general assortment of Rods, Lines, Reels, Hooks, &c. &c.

N. B. The subscriber having been brought up to the business of Gun making, guarantees every article sold hy him, and those favoring him with their orders may depend upon being served with faithfulness and at moderate prices.

Guns made to order, and all altering and repairing done in the best manner, and with punctuality.

P. S. Wanted immediately Six first-rate steady workmen at Fowling or Rifle making. To good steady men constant employment will be given. Oct. 13.

DR. I. FRANCIS,

SURGEON DENTIST, 93 Chatham street, between Duane and Pearl streets, New-York

---

GOLD & SILVER LEAF MANUFACTORY.

No. 67 Watts street.

GEORGE S. WAITE, offers for sale gold and Silver Leaf, and Gold, Silver and Copper Bronzes of superior quality, at the lowest cash price, at the manufactory, No. 67 Watts street.

L. I. COHEN,

REFINED Black Lead Pencil and Everpoint Pencil manufacturer, and importer of Eancy Articles. 71 William-street New-York.

Miscellaneous.

TO DENTISTS.

GOLD, Silver, Platina, and Tin Foils of superior quality, and warranted, are offered to the Dentists at the lowest prices, at the manufactory, No. 67 Watts street, by

s1 GEORGE S. WAITE.

SAMUEL PHILLIPS,

AUCTIONEER for the City and County of New-York, attends personally to the Sales of Furniture in any part of the City; also, Real Estate, Ships, Merchandise, &c. &c. Office, 100, Broadway, where all orders will be thankfully received and punctually attended to.

Saddles, Harness, Trunks, &c.

J. B. Carter 143 Bowery returns sincere thanks to a generous public and in particular to gentleman of the Turf, both in this and neighboring cities, for their liberal and increasing patronage. He has on hand and is constantly manufacturing, light pleasure harness of every description, Racing and Trotting Saddles, Bridles, Whips, Spurs &c., together with almost every article in his line of business, all of which will be sold at his usual low prices. June 23, 1832.

TO BOOKSELLERS, JEWELLERS,
AND DEALERS IN
FINE FANCY GOODS,

WHO desire a neat and good article in this line (which is always the cheapest,) for treating, are informed that they can always procure at the old stand a choice supply of

Fine Pocket-Books, Card-Cases, &c.

from the subscriber's great assortment of

170 KINDS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL;

At the lowest possible market price—varying according to quality, from 50 cents to $10 pr doz.

T. BUSSING, *Manu'er*, 71 *William-st.*

LANSING & MORSE,

ENGRAVERS ON WOOD,

175 BROADWAY,

s1 NEW YORK.

DANCING ACADEMY,

City Saloon, Marble Buildings, Broadway, opposite St. Paul's Church.

MR. & MRS. TRUST have the honor to announce to their patrons and the public that they have engaged the above splendid building, where they will re-open their DANCING and CALISTHENIC ACADEMY on the 1st of November next. The superior eligibility of this newly erected establishment, its extent and splendor, combining privacy with every possible public convenience which can be met with in any similar, the original construction of the spacious and lofty saloon for the transmission of sound, without "bewildering echoes and discordant jars," altogether forming a Music, Ball, and Concert Saloon, with its suite of rooms, unrivalled in the United States. To make it so, however, has been the aim of the enterprising proprietor; how far he has succeeded, the public will judge when it is opened.

The experience and great success of Mrs. Trust, as teacher in this city of the varied styles of fashionable dances, viz. Cotillions, Gallopades, and Waltzing, in exact conformity with the system of the European *artistes*, will, she confidently presumes, recommend her exclusively to the patronage of the ladies and the parents of juveniles, in whose instructon she is confessedly felicitous.

Mrs. T. would also respectfully impress on the minds of parents who have objections against dancing, the importance of the Calisthenics, or Grecian exercises, as a substitute, for the removal of every awkwardand embarrassing appearance peculiar to young allies on their first entering into polished society giving in exchange a graceful and easy carriage, and above all, imparting to them health and vgor. Should any lady wish to make herself acquainted with the utility of the Calisthenic Exercises, previous to becoming or recommending a pipil, Mrs. Trust will be happy to explain the nature of them by personal illustration, on the opening of the school.

Gentlemen patrons are informed that a teacher of acknowledged prictical eminence is now on his passage from Europe, and is engaged as an assistant in the Gentlemen's Classes, and no efforts will be wanting to render them satisfaction equal to any they would receive at other establishments. Pupils and parents will have the privilege of attending the Weekly Assemblies, for which the distinguished New-York Cotillion Band is engaged.

Schools and Private Classes attended. Days of tuition, Wednesday and Saturday afternoons and evenings. The Grecian Exercises in the morning. Terms, $10 per quarter.

Mr. and Mrs. T. having made every possible endeavor to render this institution deserving an extended public patronage, they have sanguine expectations that their utmost hopes will be abundantly realized.

A private subscription Ball, once a fortnight, is in contemplation. Arrangements have been made with the stage proprietors for the convenance to and fro of up-town pupils free of expense. Subscription Book at No. 52 Howard-st.

Oct. 27. tf

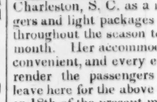
R. N. WHITE,

ENGRAVER ON WOOD

No. 7 THEATRE ALLEY,

NEW-YORK.

FOR CHARLESTON, S. C.



The Steam Packet David Brown, Capt. James Pennoyer, is now fitting up to ply between this city and Charleston, S. C. as a regular packet for passengers and light packages only, and will continue throughout the season to make two trips in each month. Her accommodations are spacious and convenient, and every exertion will be made to render the passengers comfortable. She will leave here for the above place either on the 17th or 18th of the present month, at 10 o'clock A. M.

For passage, apply at the office of the Howell Works Company, 261 Front street, or to the Captain on board, where she now lies, at the head of Water street, Corlear's Hook. n10 tf.

TO SPORTSMEN

Of Tennessee and Kentucky.

NOTICE is hereby given to the sportsmen of each of the above named States, that the subscriber has opened a RACE TRACK at Columbia, Adair county, Ky., which is said to be, by persons who are experienced in the business of racing, and who have had frequent opportunities of judging, not inferior, but rather superior, to any track now in either of the States. If the Lexingtonians and Nashvillians, they whom it is believed, own and run the best horses in their respective States, wish to contend with each other and meet upon half way ground, the Columbia Turf is the place. If any number of men with their horses, wish to be accommodated, when they come to Columbia, to the races or on other business, they can call on the subscriber.—He occupies the large and commodious brick building, formerly occupied as a Tavern by John Graham, and has supplied himself amply with every thing necessary for the entertainment of travellers.

m 6l JAMES MOORE.

PIGEON-SHOOTING.

SPORTSMEN are respectfully informed that I have 500 pigeons on hand, and have appointed Wednesday afternoon of each week for a PIGEON-MATCH, commencing at 2 o'clock. The ground (on the Mount Vernon Trotting Course) is the most favorable that could be selected, or even desired; and every exertion will be made to render it a favorite resort to sportsmen. WILLIAM OLIVER.

Mount Vernon, S. I. 15.

Sporting Stores.

FISHING TACKLE STORE.

THE SUBSCRIBER respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has removed his store from No. 395 Pearl-street to No. 52 Fulton-street, where he offers for sale a general assortment of Fancy Articles in the Hardware line; also a complete assortment of Fishing Tackle, consisting of almost every article in the line, viz. fly and river rods, brass and wood reels, sinkers, floats, swivels, silkworm gut, Black, Bass, Weak, Perch, Trout, Pickerel, and a variety of other fish hooks too tedious to name. Hooks fastened on gut, gimp, grass, hair silk and flax lines, gut leaders, a variety of artificial baits, such as Shrimp, Minnow, &c. Trout, Herring and Salmon Flies. New-London and other lines of every description.

Also a general sssortment of Powder, Shot and Flints. Where also may be had a constant supply of Macdonald's Paste and Liquid Blacking, J. Durell's writing ink, both superior articles.

T. W. HORSFIELD,
No. 52 Fulton-street.

HINTON'S
WAREHOUSE & MANUFACTORY,
194 Broadway, N. Y.

WHERE may be had in large or small quantities, on reasonable terms, the following articles: Military Caps of gold, gilt, silver-plated and other trimming. Plumes and pompoons of every color, size and description. Swords and belts suitably for cavalry, artillery, infantry or navy officers. Gold, silver, gilt and plated Epaulettes of all patterns; do. Wings, and worsted do. —do. Tassels, do. of all sizes: do. Laces, different qualities. Muskets, cartridge boxes and belts, dirks, belt and pocket pistols, fencing foils, masks and boxing gloves. Pocket pistols, housings, holsters, bridles, and all the variety of military horse equipments.

Fowling articles.

Double and single guns, Damascus, stub and twist, and plain barrels, (made by the most celebrated gun makers in London,) flint and percussion rifles; English and American gunpowder in canisters; percussion caps and fitters; shot and flints; powder and drinking flasks, and caps; bullet pouches, powder horns and bullets; shot and game bags; leather and mahogany gun cases; cleaning rods with all the necessary implements; dog chains, collars, and calls: percussion and flint locks, and general assortment of gun mountings.

Fishing tackle.

Trout and river rods of all descriptions, walking cane rods, India grass, hemp, silk and hair lines of all lengths. Single and multipiying reels, silkworm gut, swivels, sinkers; first quality of Limerick and Kirby hooks on hair and engine twisted hair, artificial flies, fishes, devels, frogs, mice, floats, hoop nets, &c. &c. composing a complete assortment of Fishing Tackle.

To travellers.

Manufactured and for sale as above, travelling trunks, valices and carpet bags of the best quality; N. B. Flint locks percussioned and guns and pistols repaired in the neatest manner and at the shortest notice.

TO SPORTSMEN.

THE SUBSCRIBER offers for sale a general assortment of Select Fishing Tackle.—Consisting of superior Trout, Fly, and River Bag-rods: do. Walking Cane Rods; best Multiplying Reels; Landing and Shrimp Nets; patent India-grass, Flax and Hair Lines of all lengths; Silk-worm, Gut, Stretchers, Swivel Sinkers; Improved Limerick and Kirby Hooks; Artificial Flies; do. Fishes, Floats, &c. &c. All the above articles are expressly adapted to the Sports of this Country. LEWIS.

No. 3 Wall-st., cor. New-st., opposite the Church

*** *Visiting and Address Cards engraved and printed.*

FISHING & FOWLING TACKLE

CHARLES R. TAYLOR, No. 1 1-2 Maiden Lane, near Broadway, New-York.—Gut, Grass, Hair, Silk, and Hemp Lines. Hickory, Ash, Hazel, and Bamboo Rods, either solid or in the Walking Stick, for Fly and other fishing. Single and Compound Reels of superior quality. Hoops and Netts—Fishing Baskets—Artificial Baits of all kinds—Fish-hooks of every description. Swivels, brass or steel—Swivel Leads—Bait Needles—Disgorgers—Bait Boxes—and Floats of all sizes.

Also—Single and Double Barrelled Guns and Pistols of various qualities. Shot Belts, single and double—Powder and Liquor Flasks—Game Netts—Cleaning Rods—Wad Cutters—Nipple wrenches and Turn screws—Dog whips and calls —Dog collars of all sizes—Drinking cups—and Pocket lights. Sportsmen's apparatus, consisting of Knife, Fork, Spoon, Cork screw. Powder of the best quality, and all sizes of Shot.

Swords, Dirks, Epaulets, and Plumes; also a variety of articles in the Hardware and Cutlery line.

FISHING TACKLE STORE.

THE subscriber begs leave to return his grateful thanks to his patrons and friends for the encouragement he has thus far received in his endeavors to establish permanently a cheap Fishing Tackle store: and also hopes that they will still favour and sustain him with the same—he also begs leave to inform them that he has constantly on hand a very great quantity of Fishing Tackle, all of which is fitted up in the most elegant and superior style viz. A large assortment of Canton and Calcutta, Bamboo Fishing rods with or with out Joints, for Fly and other fishing. Grass, Gut silk, and Hair lines of English and American manufacture, swivel-sinkers, floats, artificial baits; such as for Trout, Salmon, Pike, and other fishing, too numerous to mention. Also—2 or 300,000 of Hemming's best steel Fish hooks and a large assortment of fine Limerick hooks, several thousand Savannah canes, for fishing and reed making, all of which may be had wholesale and retail.

P. S. It would be an advantage to those wishing to purchase to call and select such articles of Tackling as they would wish in his line, as they would get a bargain.

N. B. Just received—a large quantity of superior, fresh Silk-worm Guts, which he offers for sale on the most reasonable terms.

ABR'M BROWER,
230 Water street.

PERCUSSION CAPS.

TO SPORTSMEN.—The subscriber has just received and offers for sale *The Improved Percussion Cap*—the charges and construction of which is, on explosion, to prevent the caps from flying into fragments: thereby protecting the shooter from accident to the face, eyes, hands, &c.

Also, the Scientific Self-defender, (*suitable for the meridian of Washington.*)

LEWIS,
☞ Wall-street, No. 3, corner of New-st. opposite the Wall-street church.

*** VISITING and ADDRESS CARDS of every description engraved and printed in a superior style at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms. June 26.

TO SPORTSMEN.

JUST Received—*Hawker on Shooting* or *Instructions to Young Sportsmen*—in all that relates to guns and shooting—difference between the Flint and Percussion System—Preservation of Game—Getting access to all kinds of Birds—Specific directions with new apparatus for Wild Fowl Shooting, both on the coast and in fresh water—new directions for Trout fishing, and advice to young Sportsmen on various other subjects, by Lieut. Col. Hawker, 6th edition in 8vo. enlarged and improved with 30 fine plates and wood cuts.

"Col. Hawker is one of the best shots in England, and his "Instructions to Sportsmen," the very best book we have on the subject."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

☞ A few copies of this valuable work imported and for sale hy Peabody & Co. 219 Broadway 2 doors from St. Paul's Church.

R. N. WHITE,

POCKET Book and Morocco Fancy Article Manufacturer, corner of William and Liberty Streets, New-York.

Miscellaneous.

ACCOUNT BOOKS,

Stationary, &c.

WILLIAM C. TAYLOR, Jr. No. 55 Wall-Street, a few doors south of the Merchant's Exchange, has constantly on hand, at the most liberal prices, Account Books of every description and of superior quality.

Likewise a select and general assortment of Stationary, at the Lowest market prices.

Blank Books ruled to any pattern, and bound in the best style, by long experienced and first-rate workmen.

Blanks, of all kinds; Visiting Cards, Sealing Wax, Lead Pencils, Ink Stands, Wafers, Quills, Ink, Slates, Pounce, all kinds of nettallic Pens, Pocket Books, &c. &c. always on hand.

☞ Bills of Lading, Notes of Hand, Checks, and all other blank printing executed with neatness, accuracy and despatch.

☞ A few copies of the Life of Stephen Girard remaining on hand. Aug. 1832.

THE SERAPHINE,

A new musical instrument, invented by C. G. CHRISTMAN, 398 PEARL-St.

AFTER a long time of uninterrupted perseverance, this extraordinary instrument is introduced to the public in its present very gratifying perfection. The Serephine will be understood to be a keyed instrument, or an Organ in miniature, peculiarly adapted for domestic use; but it is not necessarily confined to domestic purposes; it is sufficiently powerful for small churches. It is impossible to conceive so small an instrument capable of producing such an immense volume of harmony; at the same time it is capable of the utmost passible delicacy of diminuendo and cresendo, from the soft sighing of the Æolian harp to the grandeur and majesty of the full choir, in a degree of excellence never yet claimed by any other instrument. Such an instrument, independently of its novelty, cannot fail to be valuable to any performer on the pianoforte or organ.

N. B. At Mr. Christman's Music store may be procured, eight key'd Flutes, Accordians, Pocket and Kent bugles, for which he has been honored with the first premium of the American Institute, also Guitars, Violins, Military and other Instruments; Music, which he has just published for the Guitar; the beautifull song Green Hills of Tyral, as sung by Mrs. Austin in the Opera of Cinderella, with three new Waltzes composed by O. Torpe, and to be continued in numbers.

PARTHENON

Reading Room and Circulating Library.

THE subscriber begs leave to call the attention of every class of readers to his Library. It being very extensive, and amply supplied with works in every department of Literature, it will be found to afford a cheap and easy method of access to all the most valuable books in the English language. The collection of Periodical publications is unequalled. A primary object, also, of the proprietor, will be to furnish the subscribers with a more immediate and regular supply of New Publications, than has hitherto been attainable, and for this purpose a large number of each will be secured, as they issue from the press.

The connexion with the Library of an amply provided Literary Reading Room, offers great advantages; as for much less than the cost of one single London Journal or Review, nearly thirty British and ten to fifteen American periodicals besides Newspapers may be read. Both Library and Reading Room are kept open from an early hour in the Morning till ten at night. The room is furnished with the Morning and Evening papers of the city—papers from the principal cities and towns of the United States and Canada, and with a large collection of Foreign and American Periodicals. Duplicates of most of these are also taken, as soon as they are published, for the use of the Library.

CHARLES S. FRANCIS, Book-seller and Stationer, No. 252 Broadway.

Extraordinary
MUSICAL INSTRUCTION,

On the Celebrated Gowardonian System,

371 1-2 Grand Street.

BEING a new, thorough and rapid method of teaching new beginners, and others who are heartily tired of, disgusted with, and see little or no improvement on, the *old, long, irksome, tiresome,* and *very expensive* system of other teachers; invented by I. Goward, A. M. Professor and Practical Teacher of it, 371 1-2 Grand street, New-York City; whereby more may positively be easily acquired in barely SIX LESSONS or HOURS, or ONE LESSON of six hours, than in YEARS of vexatious drilling on that monopolizing old system which is just fit to torment pupils heads and drain their pockets!—upon the Piano Forte and Spanish Guitar with Singing, Flute, Flageolet, Clarinet, Violin, Bass Viol, &c. &c.

☞ N. B. One word to people of sense—Citizens of New-York, I have been with you nearly 4 years, in which time I have taught thousands on my new System, but I hope you will pardon me if I ask you one *quizzical* question after being quizzed by you for nearly 4 years!—*namely,* Have not some of you refused to read my advertisements, or if you did read, did you not think it a *puff* and have you not listened to those who were enemies to improvements (or innovations as they would call them!) if so, have you not cheated yourselves and been cheated out of that knowledge of Music which you in the honesty of your souls would have pronounced.

Invaluable and Real, yet
EXTRAORDINARY IMPROVEMENTS!

TO AMATEURS OF MUSIC.—Mr. Goward respectfully informs the Ladies who are proficients on the Piano Forte or Guitar, that he gives accompanying Lessons with the Flute and in Singing; also informs amateurs of the Flute that he is in the daily habit of *teaching* the embellishments of this most beautiful instrument (and other instruments) after the manner of Wragg, Nicholson, Alexander, Dressler, Cuidy, himself, &c. &c.

N. B. Young Ladies are taught in a few lessons to sing